

UNCLE

SAM

*Quarterly*

**6** COMPLETE  
SENSATIONAL  
STORIES

**1. FORGED  
FACES**



**2. KING OF  
CRIME**



**3. WHO HE IS AND HOW  
HE CAME TO BE**



**4. THE MAN WHO  
SOLD HIS COUNTRY**



**5. THE MAD  
POET**



**6. THE STEEL  
HELMETS**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 2 A new kind of

MAGAZINES in ONE COMIC MAGAZINE



**WATCH**

for  
**THIS  
COVER**

**ON  
SALE  
AUGUST  
1ST**

**10¢**

**Scoop!**

**NO OTHER COMIC  
MAGAZINE HAS  
THIS FEATURE !!**

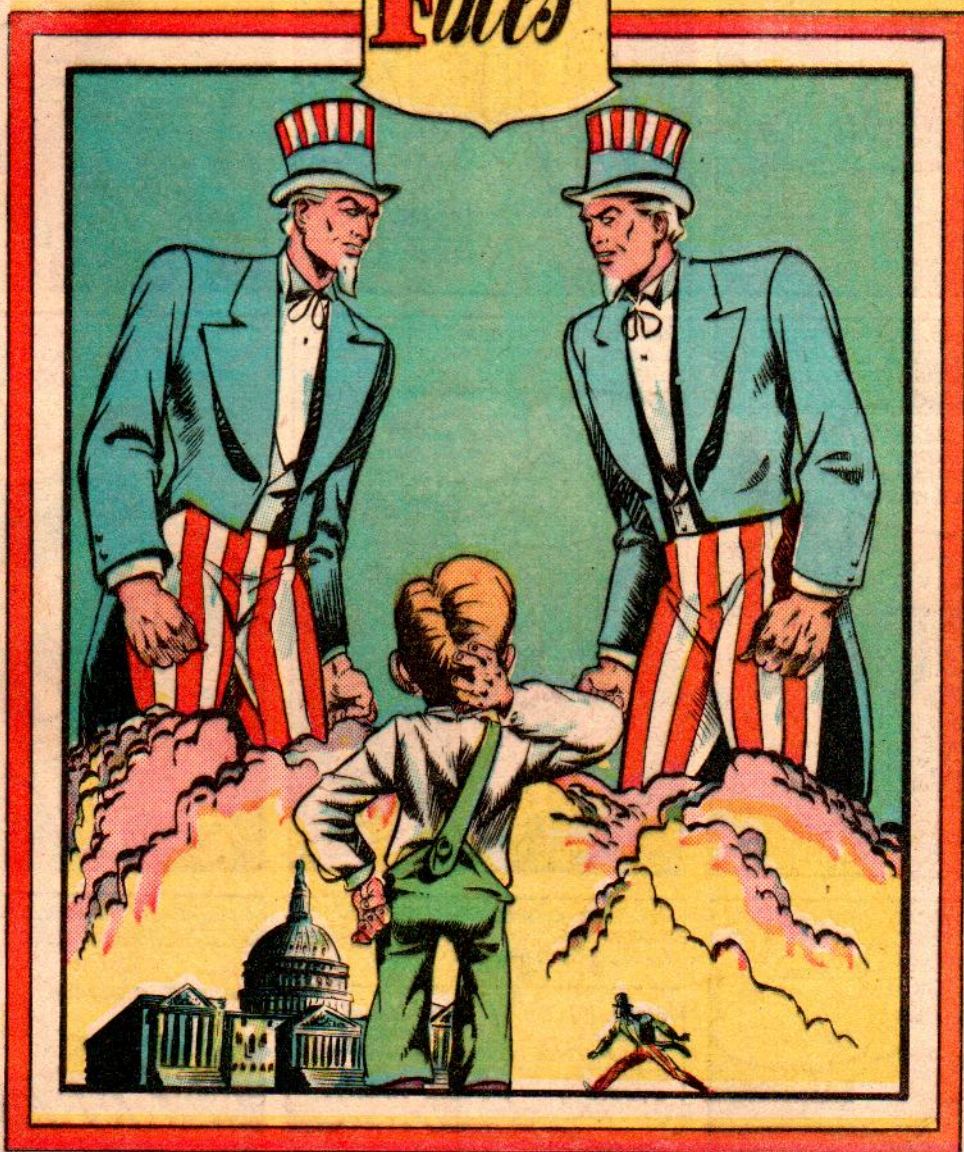
**SECRET  
WAR NEWS**

**new A COMIC  
NEWSPAPER**

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# Forged Faces



## Chapter 1. UNCLE SAM

William Eisner



NIGHT FALLS ACROSS THE CAPITOL AS SENATOR NORTH-RUP BRISTOL SLIPS INTO A CHEAP SALOON...



ARE YOU CURWEN THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR ?

EX-FAMOUS, MISTER!! SCRAM GIRLS ...



AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S MY DEAL ... JUST DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!!

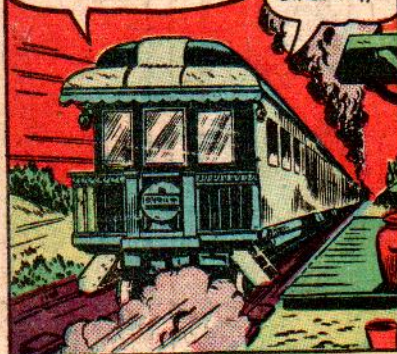
FOR THREE SQUARES A DAY I'D EVEN BE CHURCHILL !! IT'S A DEAL!!



EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON D.C. SPEEDS THE LIMITED, CARRYING MORE THAN HALF THE U.S. SENATE ...

BRISTOL'S CRAZY!! I'LL NEVER VOTE FOR CONSCRIPTING TWELVE YEAR OLDS!!

CONSCRIPTING!! BAH!! ENSLAVING IS MORE LIKE IT!!



AS THE SENATORS' SPECIAL ROARS ON, THREE MEN DROP FROM A TRESTLE...



CAT-LIKE THEY CREEP ATOP THE ROCKETING TRAIN ... UNTIL...



INKY BLACKNESS ENVELOPES THEM AS THEY HURTLE INTO A TUNNEL...



AS THE ONRUSHING TRAIN SCREAMS TO A STOP, MORE THUGS LEAP INTO THE CLUB CAR...



LATER, IN A WELL EQUIPPED SCULPTOR'S STUDIO...

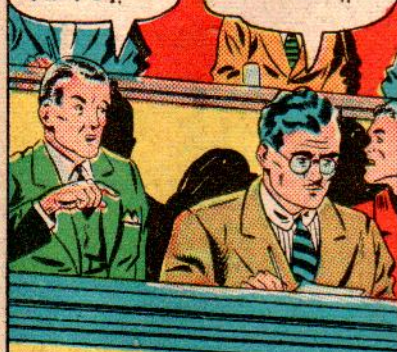




DAYS LATER... FIREWORKS  
FLARE AS THE SENATE  
SESSION GETS UNDER  
WAY...

THEY'RE GONNA  
PASS BRISTOL'S  
SLAVERY BILL!!  
THEY'RE  
NUTS!!

MUST BE!!  
SAME GUYS  
WHO WERE  
AGAINST  
IT ARE FOR  
IT NOW!!



AND ON THE FLOOR...

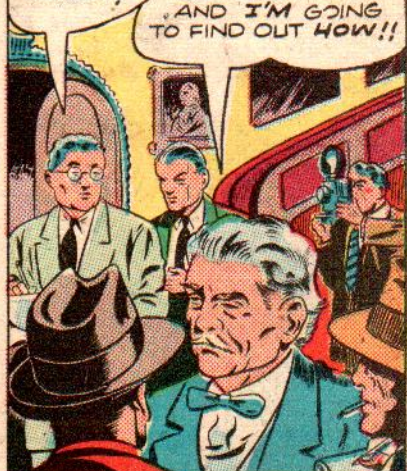
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN,  
FOR PASSING MY  
SPLENDID YOUTH  
TRAINING BILL!!  
AND YOU, MASON,  
ARE UN-AMERICAN!

BECAUSE  
I VOTED  
AGAINST  
IT? WHY  
IT'S  
SLAVERY!!



WHAT'S THE  
LOWDOWN  
SENATOR  
MASON?

I DON'T KNOW!!  
BRISTOL CONTROLS  
THE SENATE  
SOMEHOW...  
AND I'M GOING  
TO FIND OUT HOW!!



WIRES HIM AS THE STORY  
GOES IN...

IT'S DYNAMITE BOSS!  
THE BILL'S GONE  
THROUGH!!

MASON  
SAYS  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
PHONEY ABOUT  
CONGRESS!!



NEXT DAY THE HEADLINES  
SHRIEK THE NEWS..

EXTRY!  
EXTRY!!

HAS CONGRESS  
GONE CRAZY?  
THEY'RE MAKING  
SLAVES OF OUR  
KIDS!!



IN WASHINGTON, AN ANGRY  
MOB GATHERS...

IS BRISTOL GONNA  
RUN US?

NO! WE  
GOTTA  
DO  
SOMETHING!!



HOLD ON! WHERE  
ARE YOU ALL  
HEADING  
FOR?

WE'RE  
AIMIN'  
TO SEE  
BRISTOL!  
ONE SIDE  
MASON!!



I WON'T STOP  
YOU...GO AHEAD!  
THEY'RE YOUR  
KIDS HE'S  
HURTING!!  
GIVE HIM MY  
REGARDS!!

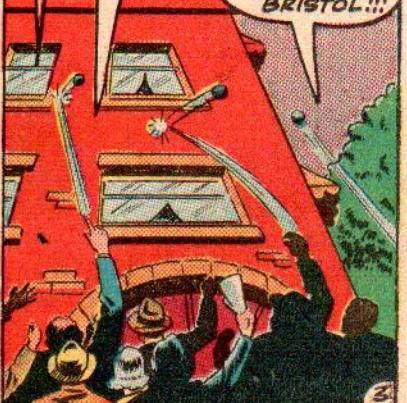
RAY FOR  
SENATOR  
MASON!  
LET'S  
GO! ON  
TO BRISTOLS!



COME OUT  
YOU DOGS!

ENSLAVE OUR  
KIDS WILL YA'?!  
DICTATOR!!  
RAT!!

DOWN  
WITH  
THE  
TRAITOR  
BRISTOL!!!





WHILE HIS HENCHMEN QUAYER ABOUT HIM, BRISTOL ACTS TO REPEL THE IRATE MOB...



THOUSANDS OF 'EM... AND MURDER IN DERE EYES!!

ORDER OUT MY STEEL HELMETS!!

AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A CRUEL BAND OF BRISTOL'S KILLERS DESCEND UPON THE CROWD...



SLUG 'EM!!

THE UNARMED CIVILIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HIRED STRONG-ARM MEN...



DIS IS SWELL!! GETTIN' PAID TO BEAT UP SUCKERS!!

YEAH! DA U.S.A. IS GONNA HEAR ABOUT US FROM NOW ON!!

AND BRISTOL PREPARES FOR THE STORM TO COME...



BEATING THEM IS ONLY TEMPORARY!! I NEED LAWS TO PERMANENTLY RESTRICT THEM!! THE HOUSE OF REPS IS TAKEN CARE OF... NOW, FOR THE PRESIDENT!!

IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, BRISTOL IS REBUFFED...



NO! I'LL NEVER SIGN THAT BILL! IT'S UNTHINKABLE!

WHY MR. PRESIDENT! IF YOU'LL STEP THIS WAY I'LL PROVE MY POINT!!

AS THE PRESIDENT PASSES A HALL CLOSET...



WHAT POSSIBLE PROOF CA... ..U..U..UH!!!

A MINUTE LATER...



AH! THANK YOU "MR. PRESIDENT"! MY BILL WILL BE A GREAT BOON!!

AH, YES, SENATOR BRISTOL, TO BE SURE! HEH...HEH...HEH!!

MEANWHILE, IN EVERYTOWN, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY DISCUSS THE "YOUTH TRAINING BILL"...



... BUT THEN WHY IS EVERYONE AGAINST IT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUDDY... IT SEEMS TO ME A YEAR OF CAMP WOULD BE GOOD FOR THE KIDS!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...



WE GOT ORDERS TO TAKE THE KID!!

NO! DON'T LET THEM, UNCLE SAM!!

NOW, BUDDY, IT'S ALL RIGHT.. GO ALONG! I'LL COME TO VISIT YOU!!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN  
BRISTOL'S EVERYTOWN  
HEADQUARTERS...

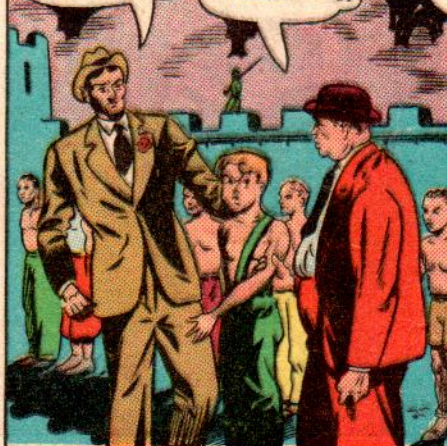
HEAR YER HIRIN'  
OUT TH' KIDS...  
GOT A COUPLE  
FER ME?

SURE...  
COST YOU  
FIFTY  
BUCKS A  
HEAD... THE  
PICK OF AMERICA'S  
YOUTH!!



HOW DO YOU  
LIKE THIS  
SPECIMEN?  
ALL MUSCLES!

SURE! I'LL BUY  
HIM TOO... BRING  
'EM ALL OUT TO  
THE TRUCK,  
WILL YA?!



HEY! WHAT IS  
ALL THIS?  
WHERE ARE  
WE GOIN'?

TO THE STEEL  
MILLS WHERE  
YOU WON'T ASK  
SO MANY FOOL  
QUESTIONS!!

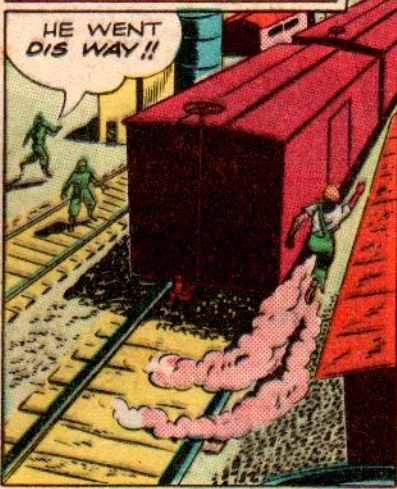


YOU'LL NEVER  
TAKE ME  
THERE!!

HEY @+??!! ☆★  
GRAB DAT  
BRAT!!



BUDDY'S CHURNING LEGS  
CARRY HIM SWIFTLY OUT  
OF HARM'S WAY...



ELUDING HIS PURSUERS  
BUDDY RACES INTO UNCLE  
SAM'S COTTAGE...



AS STEEL HELMET GUARDS  
RUSH IN...



SUDDENLY BRISTOL ENTERS..



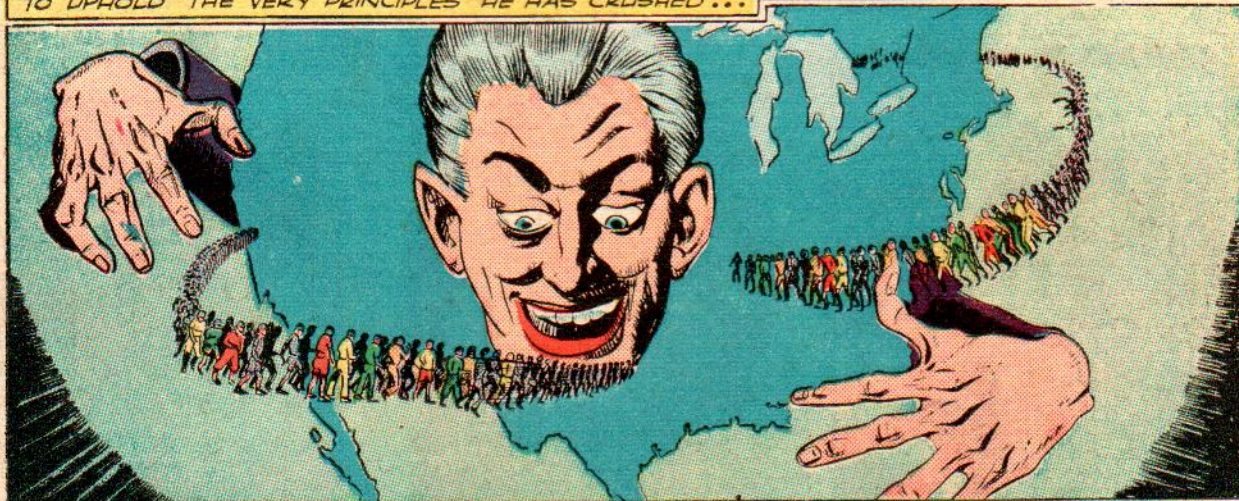
JUST THE SAME, ALL RIGHT!  
BUDDY'S GOT  
TO GO!! I'LL SEE  
THE PRESIDENT  
THE LAW!!

THE PRESIDENT  
ABOUT YOUR  
LAW! DON'T  
WORRY BUDDY!!





TORN FROM PARENTS AND FRIENDS, AMERICA'S YOUTH IS MARCHED OFF IN LABOR GANGS.. ENSLAVED BY A PRESIDENT WHO RESEMBLES IN FACE, BUT NOT IN DEED, THE MAN ELECTED TO UPHOLD THE VERY PRINCIPLES HE HAS CRUSHED...



IN BRISTOL'S WASHINGTON OFFICE, A MANUFACTURER FACES THE IRATE SENATOR...

I REFUSE TO BE A PARTY TO THIS SLAVERY BUSINESS!!

IS THAT SO! CONVINCE HIM, BOYS!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN... I'LL DO IT!! I'LL TAKE THEM!!

MUCH BETTER! THAT'LL BE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A HEAD!! HEH! HEH!



BUT THROUGHOUT THE NATION RESENTMENT IS REACHING FEVER PITCH!!

THE STEEL HELMETS MUST GO!! OUR CHILDREN ARE ENSLAVED, OUR LIVES ARE THREATENED!! DOWN WITH BRISTOL, THE TRAITOR!!



AND IN AN ANTECHAMBER, OUTSIDE THE SENATE...

IT'S TIME FOR ACTION! I WANT THESE LAWS PASSED IMMEDIATELY!! FIRST, FREEDOM...



LATER...

...OF SPEECH MUST BE LIMITED!!

AND OFFENDERS PLACED IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS!!!



GENTLEMEN!! IT'S TREASON!! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!! I'LL FILIBUSTER FOREVER TO KEEP YOU FROM PASSING THOSE LAWS!!





HOURS PASS... THE NATION CHEERS AS MASON STANDS ALONE AGAINST THE WOULD-BE DICTATORS... BUT IN THE BALCONY OF THE SENATE...

BRISTOL WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL!

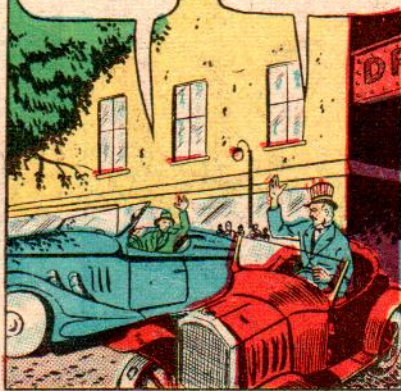
I'M READY... D'CAR IS OUTSIDE...



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE COUNTRY, AMERICANS FLOCK TO THE CAPITOL IN THIS CRUCIAL HOUR...

HELLO, UNCLE SAM... GET A HORSE!!

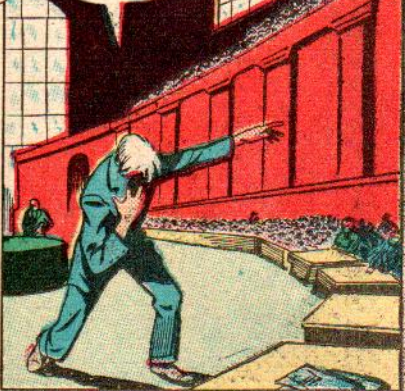
HOWDY, FOLKS! THIS ONE'S AS GOOD AS YOURS!



FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS MASON HOLDS THE NATION SPELLBOUND... SUDDENLY...

..AND I SAY TH... UGH!!

HE'S BEEN SHOT!!



THEY.. STOPPED.. ME... UHHH...

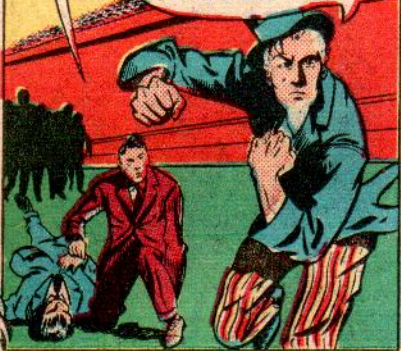
NOT YET THEY HAVEN'T! SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR!!



BUT THE GALLANT PATRIOT'S LIFE SOON SLIPS AWAY...

HE'S DEAD!!

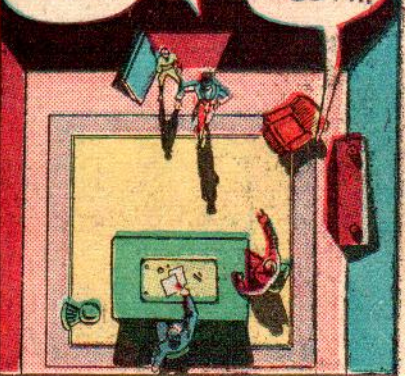
BY THE STARS AND STRIPES!! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LOOK INTO THIS!! I'LL SPEAK TO THE PRESIDENT!!!



BRUSHING THE GUARDS ASIDE, UNCLE SAM BURSTS INTO THE WHITE HOUSE...

EXCUSE ME, MR. PRESIDENT, BUT I HAVE TO SPEAK TO..

THE PRESIDENT IS BUSY... GET OUT!!!



AT THAT MOMENT THE PRESIDENT'S DOG BOUNCES IN... SUDDENLY...

HEY! GET THIS FIEND AWAY FROM ME!!

WHY, MR. PRESIDENT!! HE'S YOUR DOG!!



WHY.. ER.. AH.. OF COURSE... WE WERE JUST PLAYING... YES INDEED!! JUST PLAYING... EH.. HEH!!

GET AWAY @X!!?+X CUR!!

G-R-R-R-R!!



AFTER UNCLE SAM IS GONE...

YOU FOOL!! I WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT DOG!! UNCLE SAM MUST BE WISE TO US!! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!! GET OVER TO THE STUDIO!!





IN THE STUDIO HIDEOUT, CURWEN, DISGUISED AS THE PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DUPLICATE UNCLE SAM...



THE FLUID IS READY...

THE FLUID IS INJECTED INTO JOE'S FACE...

YOUR FACE IS NOW LIKE PUTTY...SO I WILL ERASE YOUR FEATURES...

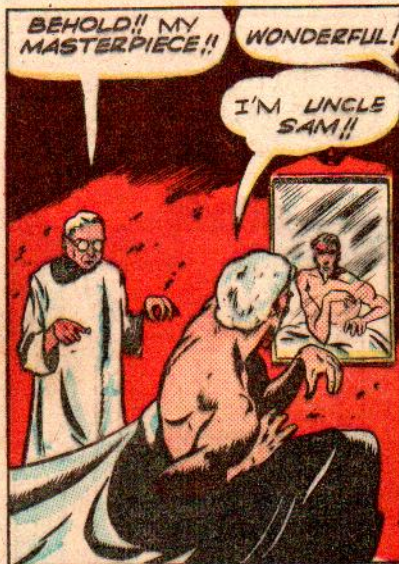
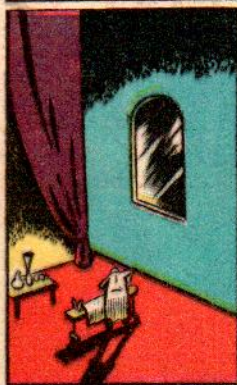


HEY!!

THIS AIN'T GONNA HURT, IS IT?



WITH THE DEFT FINGERS OF AN OLD MASTER, THE "PRESIDENT" SKILLFULLY SCULPTURES A NEW FACE FOR JOE...



BEHOLD!! MY MASTERPIECE!!

WONDERFUL!

I'M UNCLE SAM!!



IT'S AMAZING!! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU EVER WERE!!

NOW BE CAREFUL OF YOUR FACE... IT WON'T HARDEN FOR SEVERAL DAYS...



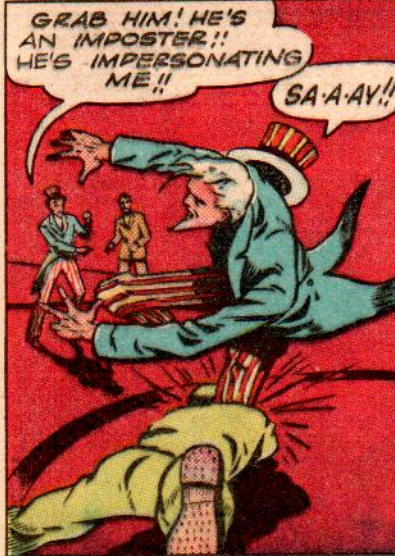
NOW, REMEMBER, JOE!! YOU'RE UNCLE SAM!!

YOU HOLD AMERICA IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND, BRISTOL!!

THAT AFTERNOON NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE...



W.A.A.L I SWAN! HEY!! THAT ISN'T ME!! HERE I AM!! I'M UNCLE SAM!!



GRAB HIM! HE'S AN IMPOSTER!! HE'S IMPERSONATING ME!!

SA-A-AV!!



WELL, I'LL BE ... THIS BEATS ALL!!



NOT FAR AWAY, A GROUP OF CHILDREN ARE SLAVING IN A FACTORY... SUDDENLY...



BUT BEFORE THE GUARD CAN STRIKE AGAIN...



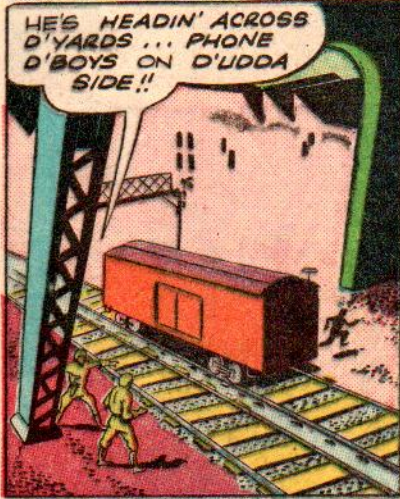
THE KIDS PITCH IN, AND A FREE-FOR-ALL BEGINS...



AS THE KIDS DASH FOR THE DOOR, STEEL HELMET TROOPS HEAD THEM OFF...



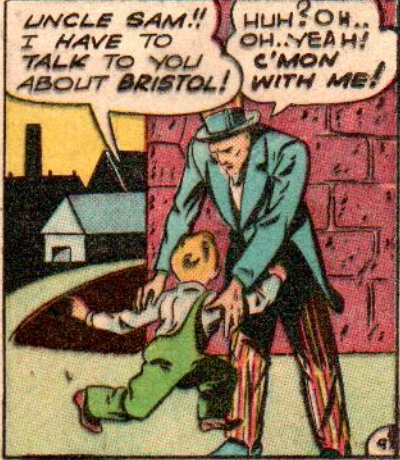
BUDDY CUTS THROUGH THE FREIGHT YARDS...



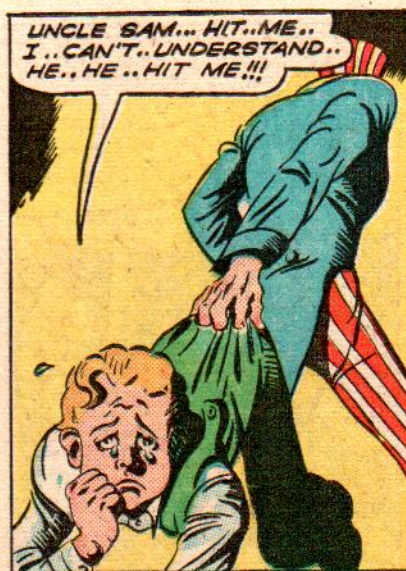
AS BUDDY SCOOTs FOR SAFETY, THE VICIOUS MOB CLOSES IN ON HIM...



TEMPORARILY ELUDING THE STEEL HELMETS, BUDDY RUNS SMACK INTO "UNCLE SAM"...









UNCLE SAM POISES THE HUGE WHIP IN MID-AIR...



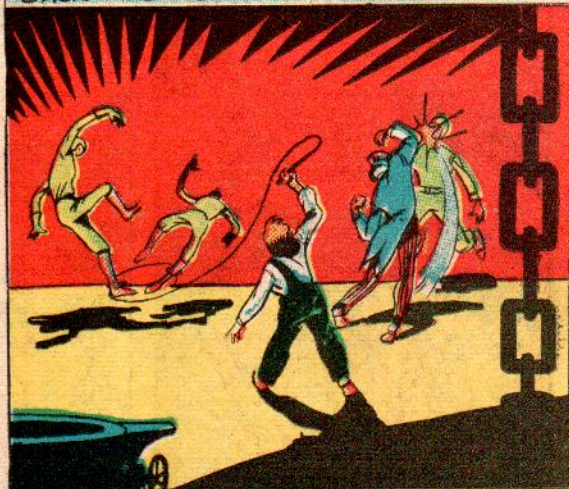
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT HE WHIRLS ON THE NEAREST GUARD...



INSTANTLY, ALL IS PANDEMONIUM AS UNCLE SAM'S SLEDGE-HAMMER FISTS SMASH INTO ACTION...



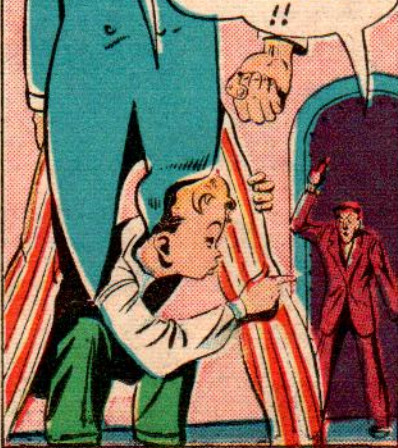
BUDDY USES THE WHIP TO GOOD ADVANTAGE, AS THE BATTLE SURGES BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ROOM...



BUT IT IS UNCLE SAM'S MIGHTY STRENGTH THAT FINALLY ENDS THE STRUGGLE...



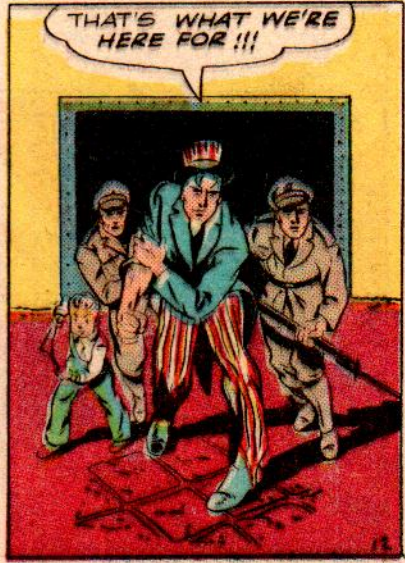
THERE'S BRISTOL, UNCLE SAM!!



O.K., TAKE IT, SUCKER!!







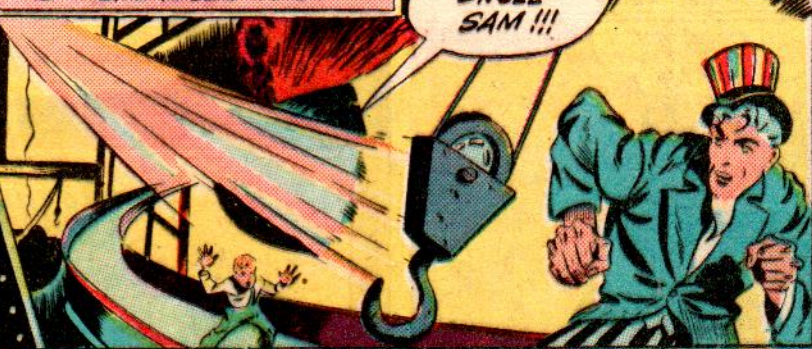


AS THE MARINES AND STEEL  
HELMETS CLASH, UNCLE  
SAM LEAPS FOR THE  
BALCONY...



NO USE RUNNING,  
CURWEN... I'LL  
CATCH YOU  
ANYWAY!!

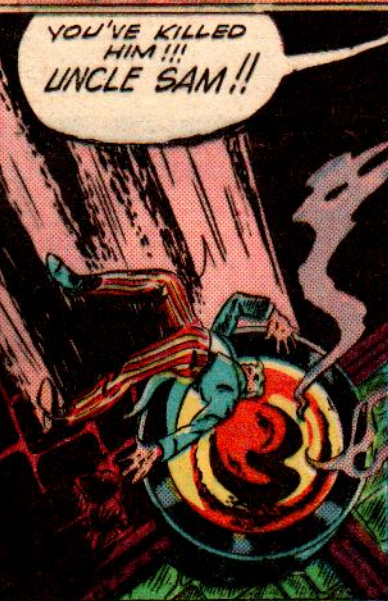
UNSEEN BY UNCLE SAM, A  
STEEL HELMET RELEASES  
THE TREMENDOUS HOIST



LOOK OUT!!  
UNCLE  
SAM !!!



UNABLE TO CHECK HIMSELF,  
HE PLUNGES HEAD FIRST  
INTO THE VAT OF WHITE  
HOT STEEL...



YOU'VE KILLED  
HIM !!!  
UNCLE SAM !!

A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE  
FALLS OVER THE ENTIRE  
MILL... AS UNCLE SAM  
DISAPPEARS INTO THE  
MOLTEN METAL...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE  
DEPTHS OF THE VAT...

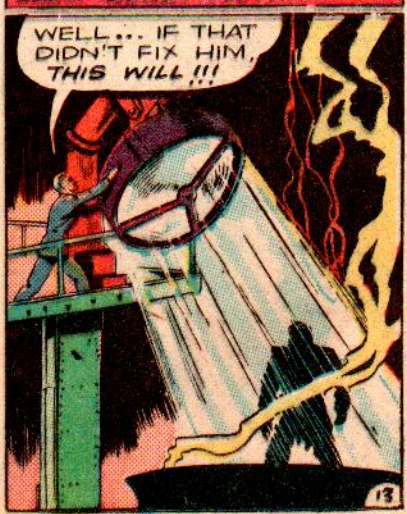


HOLY SMOKE!!  
HE'S STILL  
ALIVE!!

HE AIN'T  
HUMAN!!



BUT CURWEN SEIZES THE  
COLD BLAST FAN...



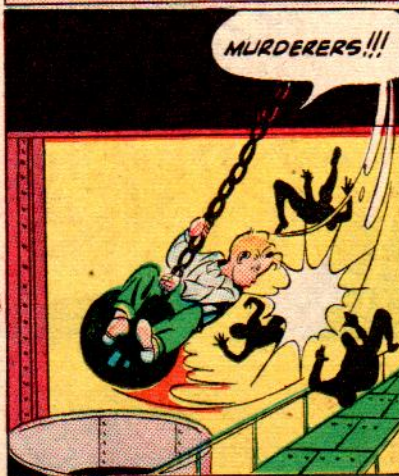
WELL... IF THAT  
DIDN'T FIX HIM,  
THIS WILL !!!



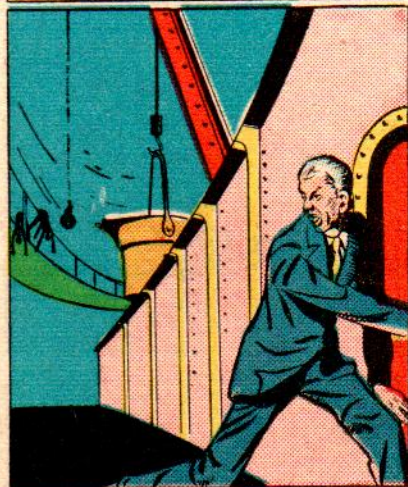
THE FIERY STEEL COOLS AND HARDENS UNDER THE BLAST OF COLD AIR AND UNCLE SAM BECOMES A METAL STATUE...



BUT THE ENRAGED BUDDY STARTS A BLITZKRIEG OF HIS OWN...SITTING ASTRIDE THE HUGE BALL...



CURWEN SLIPS OUT OF HARM'S WAY, BUT SOME OF HIS MEN ARE NOT SO LUCKY...



HIS MOMENTUM SLOWED BY THE FORCE OF THE BLOW, BUDDY IS EASY PREY TO THE SWARM OF STEEL HELMETS...



SEEING BUDDY IN DANGER, UNCLE SAM EXPANDS HIS MIGHTY SINEWS...



THE GREATEST AMERICAN CLEARS THE RAIL IN ONE LEAP...



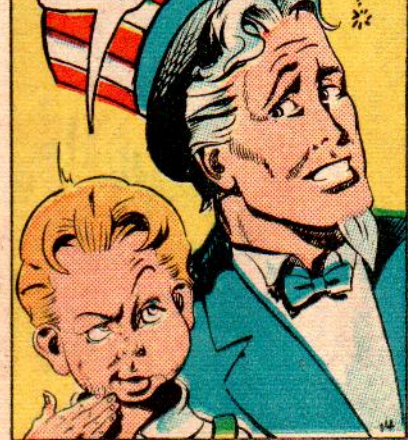
WITH UNCLE SAM'S HELP, THE U.S. MARINES SOON CLEAN UP THE REMAINING STEEL HELMETS.



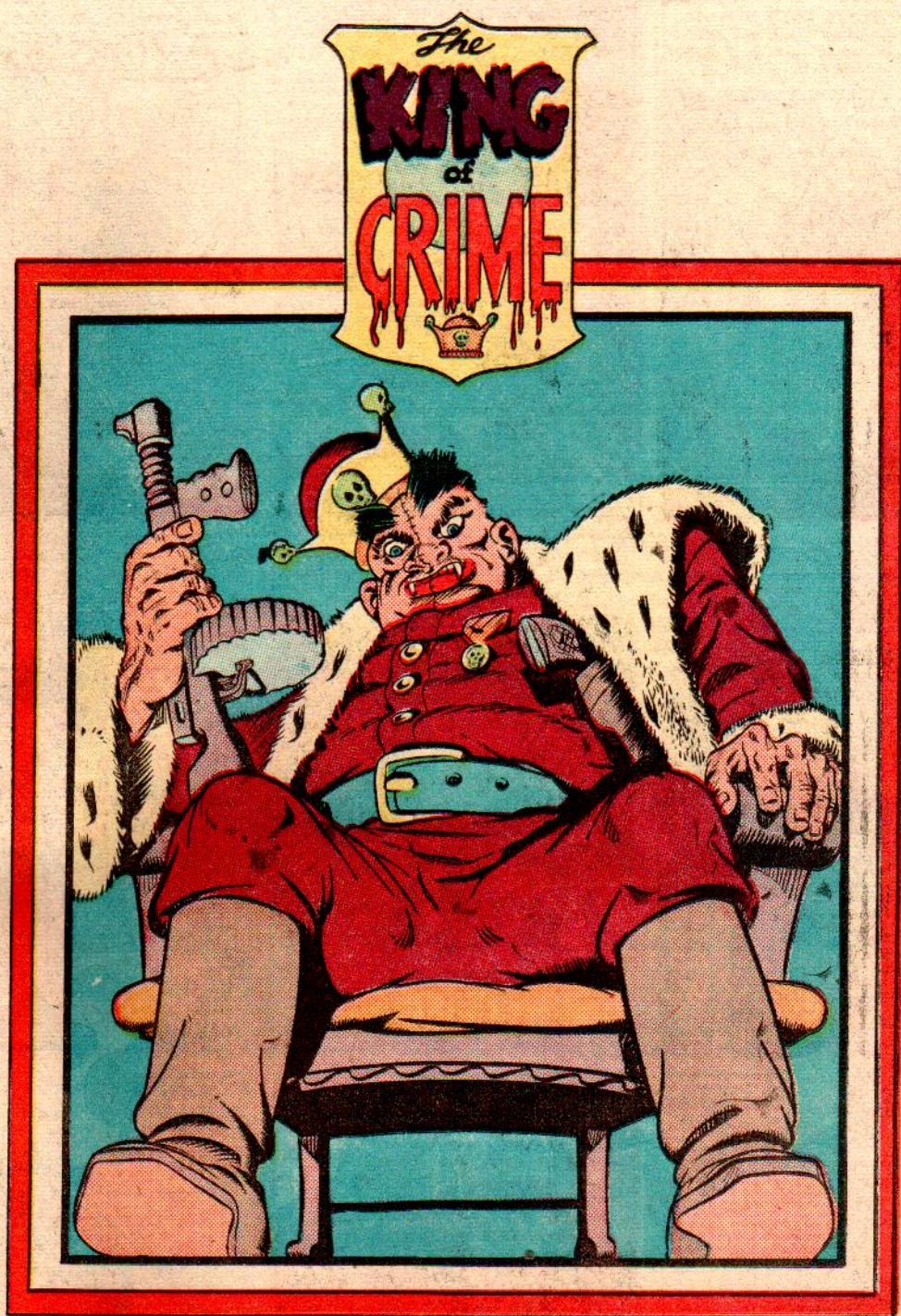
LATER... ON THEIR WAY HOME...



TWO-FACED!! PHEW! WHAT A TERRIBLE PUN!!







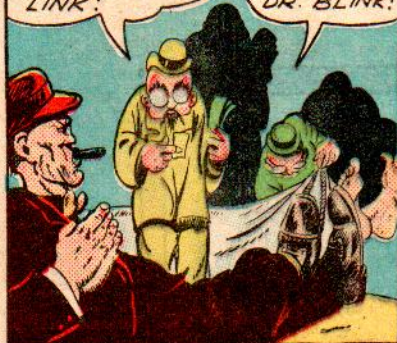
**Chapter 2.**  
**UNCLE SAM**  
William Eisner



IN A KILLER'S HIDEOUT TWO STRANGE CHARACTERS BARGAIN FOR THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, MY MAN.. HOW IS HE, DR LINK?

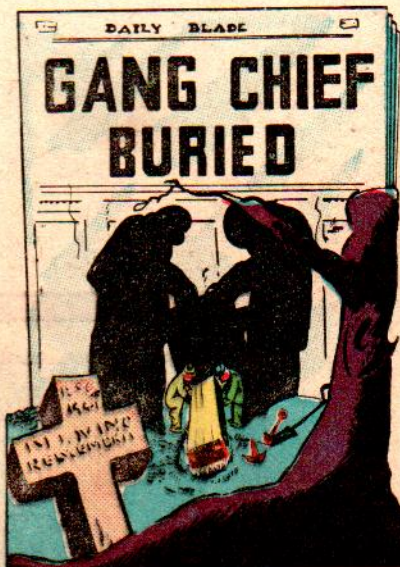
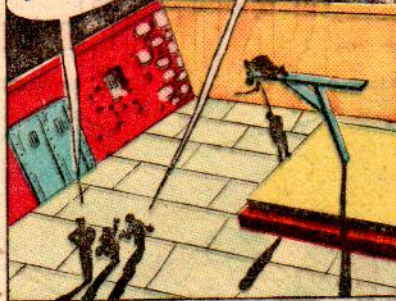
AAAH! HE'S A PERFECT SPECIMEN DR. BLINK!



LATER IN THE COURT-YARD OF A PRISON.....

HURRY UP AND GET IT OUTA HERE! YOU GUYS ARE DAFFY!

AH-BUT THE BEST JEWEL THIEF IN THE WORLD IS VALUABLE TO US



IN A DESERTED SECTION OF THE COUNTRY A HUGE HOUSE SITS BROODING ON A HILL

WE'VE COLLECTED THEN, BRAINS FROM THE BODIES OF FIFTY OF THE TO BEGIN WORST CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD—



THEN I VOLUNTEER.... MAKE ME THE ARCH-CRIMINAL DR. LINK!



NO! DR. BLINK! I SHOULD BE THE SUPER- FIEND! LET'S FLIP A COIN!



THERE IT GOES I TAKE HEADS! WHAT DO YOU TAKE ?



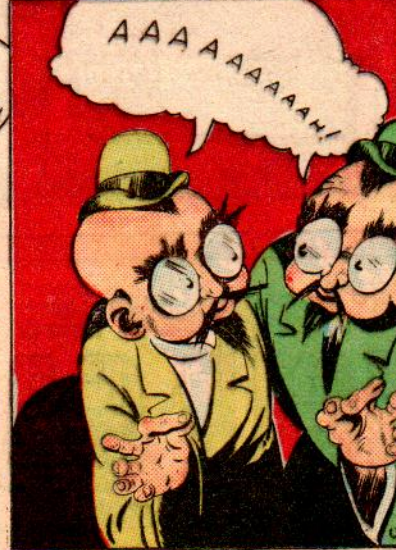
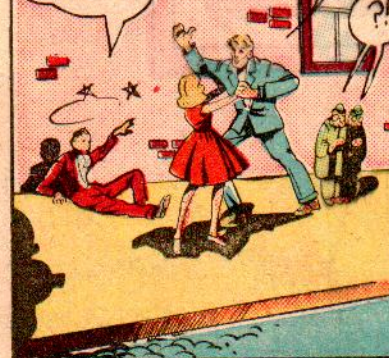
LOOK, LINK! IT'S NEITHER! YES — WE'LL GO OUT AND CATCH A VICTIM! WHEEE!



LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON

HEE-EY! LEAVE HER ALONE! YAA-AH! BUT YOU AIN'T! G'WAN! SCRAM, YA RUNT!

IF I WERE ONLY BIG AND STRONG!



YOUNG MAN-WOULD YOU LIKE TO...ER... GET EVEN... WITH THAT PERSON?





A SHORT WHILE LATER... THE DOCTORS' LABORATORY...

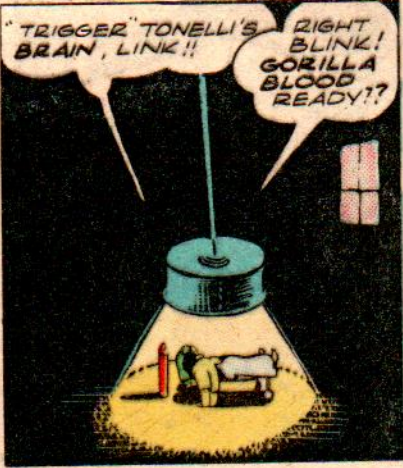


HEY! LEMME OUT!! WHAT GOES ON?

QUIET, SON! IT WON'T TAKE LONG... EH, LINK?

RIGHT, BLINK!! HERE'S THE ETHER!

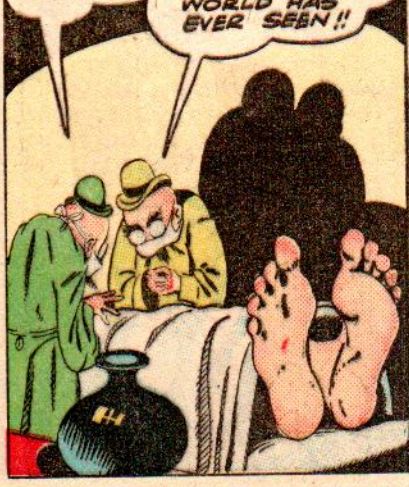
MINUTES PASS... SCALPELS AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS FLICK BACK AND FORTH SKILLFULLY...



"TRIGGER" TONELLI'S BRAIN, LINK!!

RIGHT, BLINK! GORILLA BLOOD READY?!

WELL... IT'S ALL OVER... HE'S STILL ALIVE!!!



JUST THINK.. HE'LL BE THE GREATEST CRIMINAL THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!!



O.O.O.O.O.H!! WHERE AM I? MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT WEIGHS A TON!!!



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR-SELF KING KILLER?!

I'M BIG! THESE MUSCLES!!

NOW GO OUT AND TAKE CARE

OF THAT BULLY... BUT COME RIGHT BACK!!!



AS KING KILLER STALKS BOLDLY DOWN THE STREET, A STRAY DOG CROSSES HIS PATH!

OUT OF MY WAY, MUTT! HAH! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH THAT GUY!!



THE DOG LIES DEAD...

WHY DID I DO THAT? I NEVER KICKED DOGS BEFORE... BUT NOW I LIKE TO KILL!!!



IN THIS UGLY FRAME OF MIND, KING KILLER HAP-PENS UPON HIS ENEMY, THE BULLY...

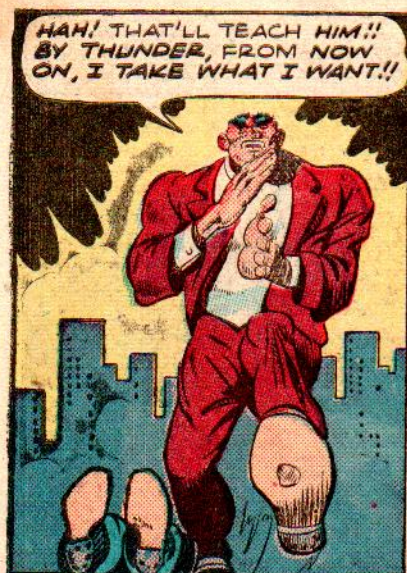
HELLO, JOE..I OWE YOU SOMETHING!!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?? I...I... DIDN'T MEAN NUTTIN'!!!

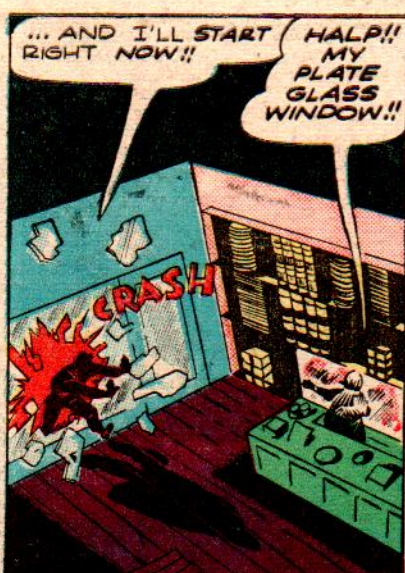


... AND NOW YOU MEAN EVEN LESS!!!





HAN! THAT'LL TEACH HIM!!  
BY THUNDER, FROM NOW  
ON, I TAKE WHAT I WANT!!



... AND I'LL START  
RIGHT NOW!!

HALP!!  
MY  
PLATE  
GLASS  
WINDOW!!



N..NO! MY  
S..SAVINGS!!  
I..I..G..A..A..A..AH!!

HOW EASILY  
HE CRUSHES  
IN MY HANDS!!

THE RAGING TORNADO OF  
STRENGTH STORMS INTO  
THE LABORATORY...

LOOK! TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!!  
AND ALL I  
HAD TO DO  
WAS KILL  
ONE MAN!!

WONDER-  
FUL, WON-  
DERFUL!! EH,  
LINK?

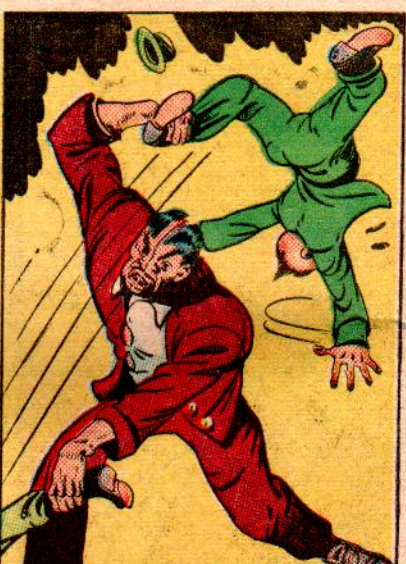
RIGHT, BLINK!  
LET'S DIVIDE  
THE MONEY!!



DIVIDE  
NOTHIN'!!  
YOU  
GUYS  
ARE  
THROUGH!!

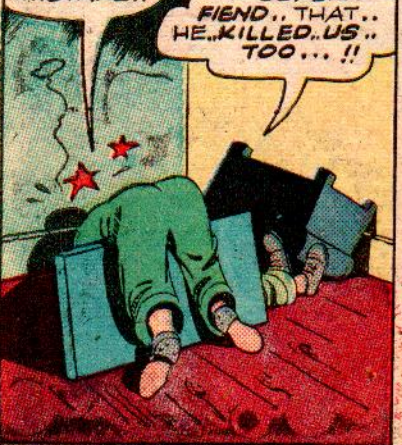
B..BUT WE  
MADE YOU!!  
EH, LINK?

RIGHT, BLINK!!  
WE'RE  
YOUR  
POPPAS!!



WE'RE DONE.. FOR..  
EH... LINK? WE  
MADE.. A..  
TERRIBLE..  
MISTAKE!!

RIGHT, BLINK!!  
WE MADE  
HIM SUCH..  
A.. SUPER..  
FIEND.. THAT..  
HE..KILLED..US..  
TOO... !!



YES..WE FORGOT  
THAT A CRIMINAL  
SUCH AS HE..  
HAS NO..  
GRATITUDE...

I FEEL  
SORRY  
FOR THE  
CITIZENS OF  
THIS COUNTRY  
GULP: NO ONE  
CAN.. STOP HIM!!

COUGH:

O.O.O.O.O..H!!



AND WITH THE DEATH OF THE  
TWO LITTLE MEN, THERE  
WAS LOOSED UPON AN UN-  
SUSPECTING WORLD A  
DESTROYING MONSTER...  
THE MASTER CRIMINAL OF  
ALL TIME... KING KILLER!!!

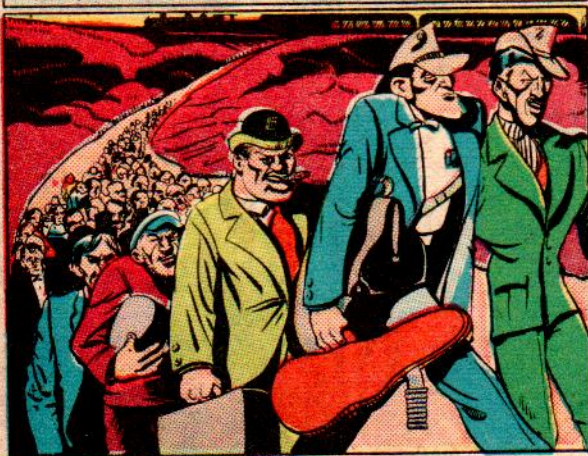




...SO THIS KING KILLER PULLS A COUPLE O'BIG JOBS, DEN GOES TO D'DESERT WITH HIS SANG AND NOW THEY ARE BUILDIN' BIG CITIES.. MY MOB'S GOIN' OUT THERE TOO.. WANNA COME ?!



THE SINKHOLES OF CRIME ARE SWEEPED CLEAN, AS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY WHOLE CARAVANS OF CRIMINALS ANSWER THE CALL... "TO THE DESERT!"... THE KING OF CRIME COMMANDS...



IN EVERYTOWN, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WATCH THE STRANGE PROCESSION...

WHAT A PACK! THEY MUST BE OKIES... OKIES, NOHIN'!! NOT WITH THOSE FACES!!



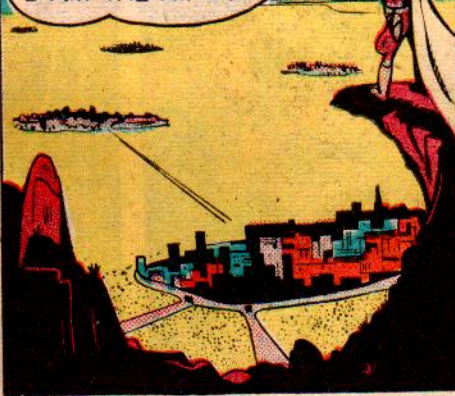
FOR WEEKS THERE HAS BEEN NO CRIME... THE POLICE OFFICIALS ARE PUZZLED...

WE AIN'T HAD A CRIME IN WEEKS! YEAH... NOT EVEN ANY SLUGS IN TH' SLOT MACHINES!!



AND IN THE GREAT WASTE-LANDS... HUGE FORTIFIED CITIES SPRING UP MIDST DESERT DESOLATION...

HAH! A KINGDOM OF CRIME IN THE HEART OF AMERICA!! AND I AM THE KING!!



..AND I'LL BE KING OF AMERICA TOO SOMEDAY..AND LOOT THE WORLD!! BUT FIRST MY LITTLE GROUP WILL BECOME A STATE... THAT WILL PROTECT US.. THEN WHEN WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH...



IN CONGRESS, THEIR REPRESENTATIVE SPEAKS...

... AND THE COUNTY OF REX SHOULD BE ADMITTED AS A FULL-FLEDGED STATE!!



AFTER DAYS OF DEBATING, CONGRESS FINALLY ACTS...

GENTLEMEN... I MAKE A MOTION THAT WE ADMIT THE STATE OF REX UNANIMOUSLY!!

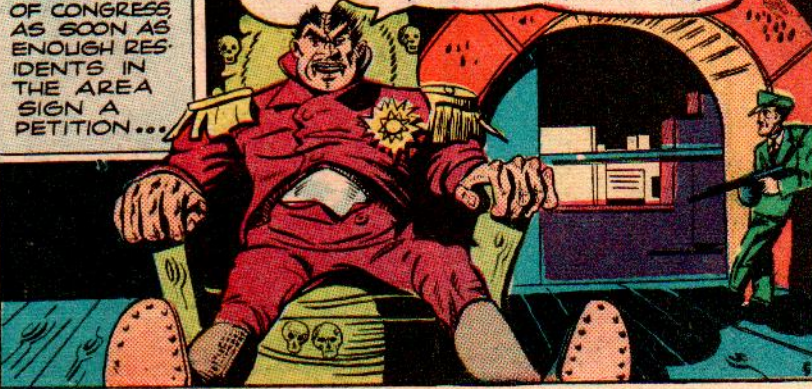


EDITOR'S NOTE:

TERRITORIES MAY BE ADMITTED AS STATES WITH THE CONSENT OF CONGRESS AS SOON AS ENOUGH RESIDENTS IN THE AREA SIGN A PETITION...

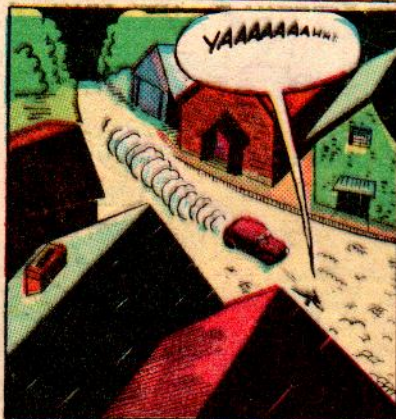
AND IN THE NEWLY PROCLAIMED STATE OF REX...

I'VE WON!! AMERICA IS AT THE MERCY OF THE STATE OF REX... THE KINGDOM OF CRIME!! WE SHALL BE THE HAVEN OF EVERY CRIMINAL IN THE COUNTRY!! HAH!HAH! HAH!HAH!HAH!

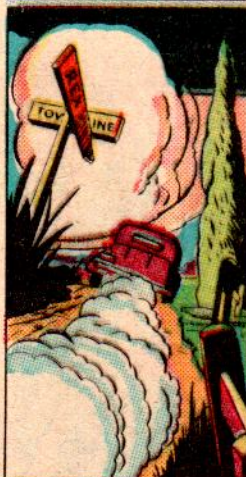




CRIME HAS APPARENTLY DIS-  
APPEARED, AND EVERYTOWN  
SPRAWLS LAZILY IN THE  
SUMMER SUN... SUDDENLY  
THE BARK OF MACHINE GUNS  
SHATTERS THE STILLNESS...



PURSUED BY THE  
POLICE, THE KILLERS  
ESCAPE INTO REX...



LATER AS THE  
POLICE RETURN  
TO EVERYTOWN...



SOMETHING SH. H. H. " THEY'RE  
OUGHTA .... EH? WHO... GONNA  
KIDNAP  
THE BANK  
PRESIDENT  
TO-NIGHT!!



AS UNCLE SAM TURNS  
TO REPLY, THE FIGURE  
VANISHES...



THAT NIGHT AS THE BLACK SHADOWS  
LENGTHEN OVER EVERYTOWN TWO  
FIGURES SLINK THROUGH THE BANK  
PRESIDENTS WINDOW...



GOT 'IM!! TIE  
'IM UP, QUICK!!



SLICK AS  
A WHISTLE!  
NO NOISE  
ER NUTTIN'!!

DASHING TO THE CAR, THE  
THUGS TRANSPORT THEIR  
'AGED AND HELPLESS' PRISONER  
TO THE KINGDOM OF CRIME...



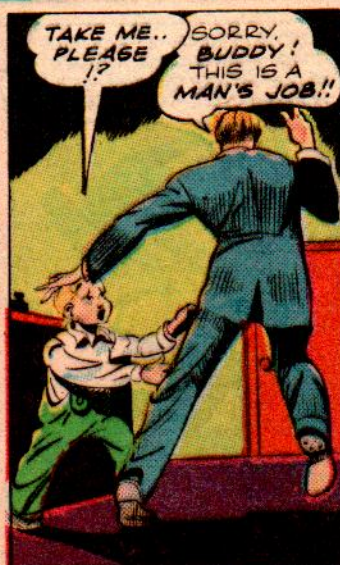
THE SACK COVERED FIGURE  
IS DUMPED IN THE THRONE  
ROOM...



IT'S  
UNCLE  
SAM!!!!





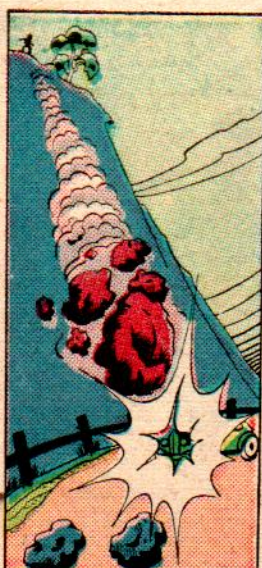




ON A CLIFF  
OVERLOOKING  
THE HIGHWAY,  
BUDDY SPIES  
THE GETAWAY  
CARS...



USING A DEAD LIMB  
AS A LEVER, BUDDY  
STARTS A SMALL  
AVALANCHE...



WITH THE ROAD BLOCKED, THE  
CROOKS ARE FORCED TO  
FIGHT...



AT THAT MOMENT  
IN REX...



THIS IS AS  
GOOD A WAY  
AS ANY!!



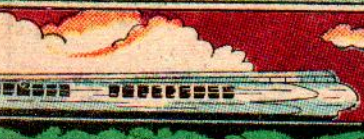
HEY!! YOU  
CAN'T  
DO  
THAT!!



NOW! WHERE'S  
KING KILLER?  
QUICK!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE  
SILVER BULLET FLASHES  
TOWARD EVERYTOWN...



SUDDENLY...



GOOD THING I FOUND  
THIS HANDCAR.. THAT  
SLOW-POKE TRAIN WOULD  
NEVER GET ME THERE!!

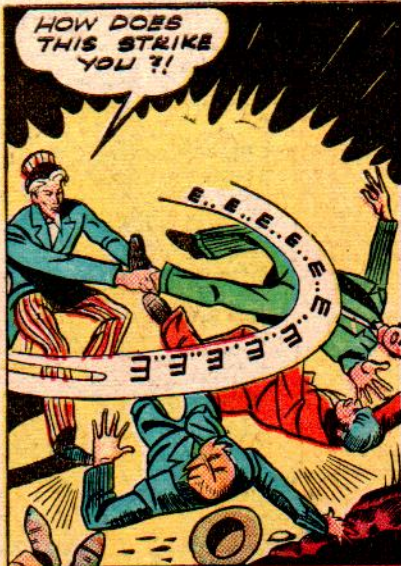


BUT UNKNOWN TO UNCLE SAM,  
NEWS OF HIS COMING HAS  
PRECEDED HIM.. AND THE  
RAILROAD BRIDGE IS MINED  
BY KING KILLER'S MEN ...  
SUDDENLY...

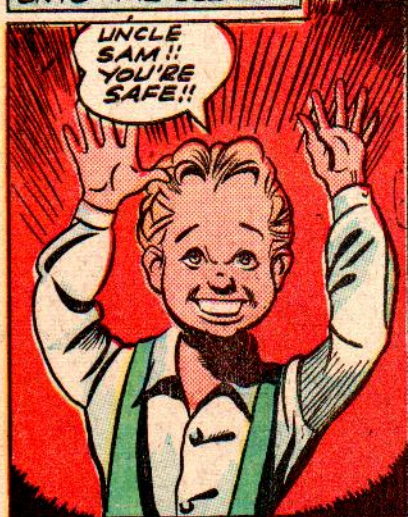




HURLING THROUGH THE AIR, UNCLE SAM CRASHES TO EARTH IN THE MIDST OF THE GUNMEN...



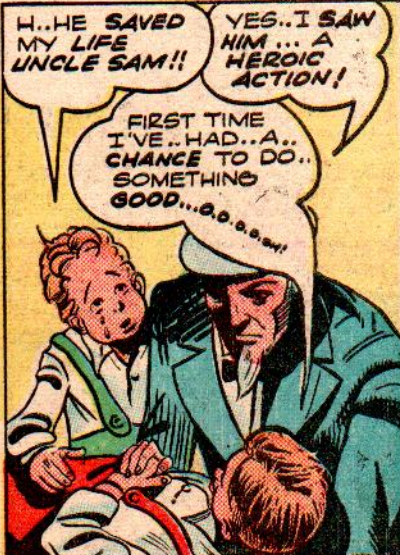
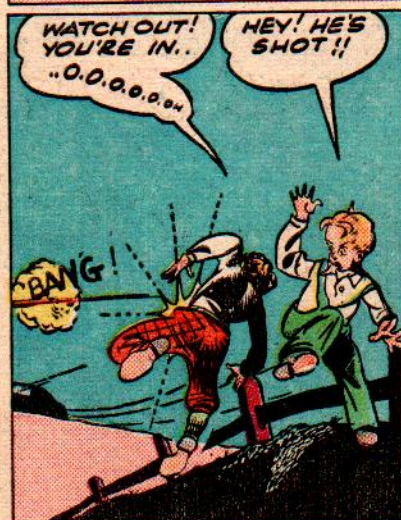
SUDDENLY BUDDY DASHES ONTO THE SCENE...



HIS MEN AGAIN BEATEN BY UNCLE SAM, THE KING OF CRIME SEEKS REVENGE...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

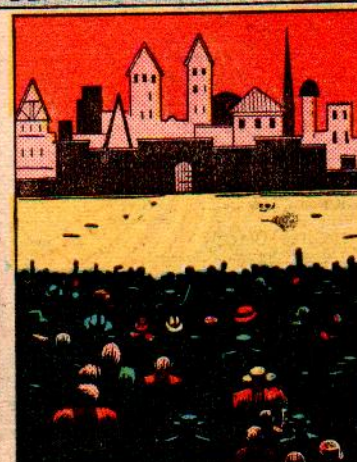


THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOIN' TO FIX THAT KING KILLER ONCE AND FOR ALL!! WHERE IS HE?

HE GOT AWAY... HE'S HEADING FOR REX CITY!!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, AN ANGRY MOB OF CITIZENS AND POLICE SPREAD OUT BEFORE REX CITY...



IN A WATCH-TOWER OVER-LOOKING THE PLAINS...

HALT! COME NO CLOSER!! THE ENTIRE CITY IS MINED!

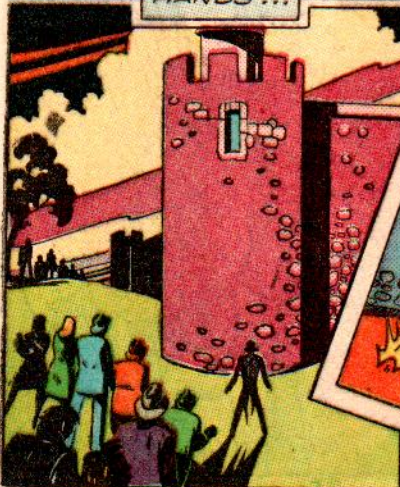


S.O.O.O.O!! THIS IS MY FIGHT!! YOU FOLKS STAND BACK!!!

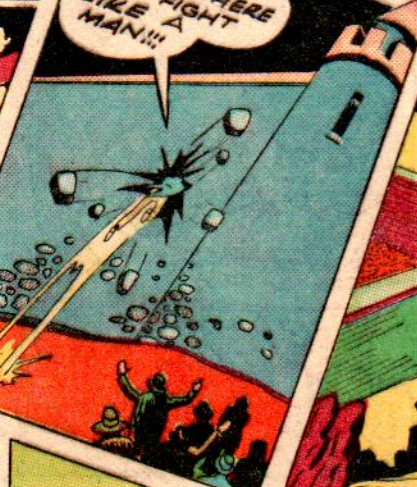




A TALL FIGURE MOVES RESOLUTELY FORWARD... UNCLE SAM TAKES THE BATTLE OF AMERICA IN HIS HANDS...

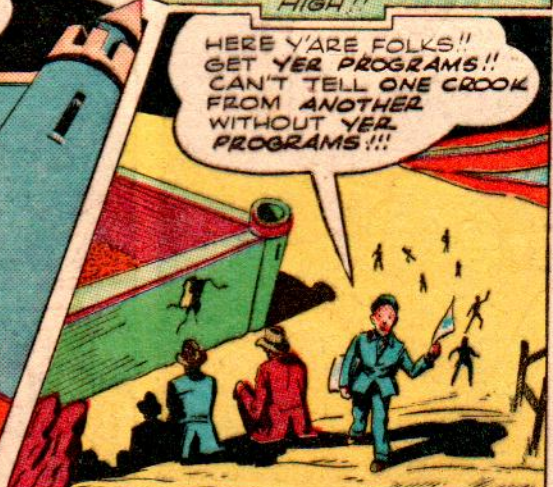


COME DOWN OUT OF THERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!!!



AS UNCLE SAM DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE FORBIDDING WALLS, EXCITEMENT IN THE CROWD MOUNTS HIGH!!

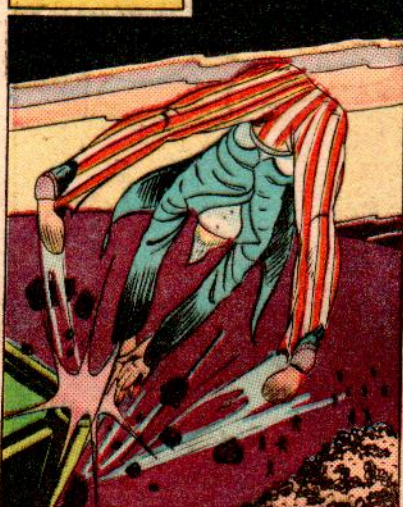
HERE Y'ARE FOLKS!! GET YER PROGRAMS!! CAN'T TELL ONE CROOK FROM ANOTHER WITHOUT YER PROGRAMS!!!



FROM WITHIN THE WALLS ONLY FAINT RUMBLINGS CAN BE HEARD... AND OUTSIDE AN EVER-GROWING CROWD WAITS TENSELY...



SUDDENLY...



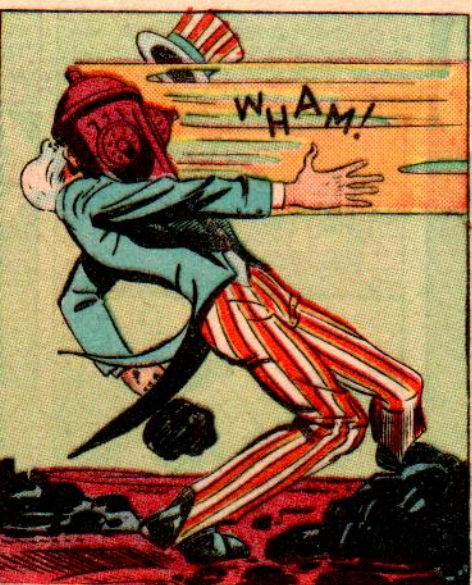
UNCLE SAM!! YOU'RE SAFE!!



ALL RIGHT, KING KILLER...THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!



WHAM!

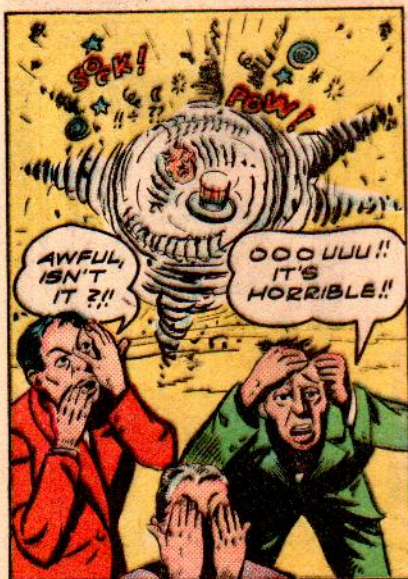
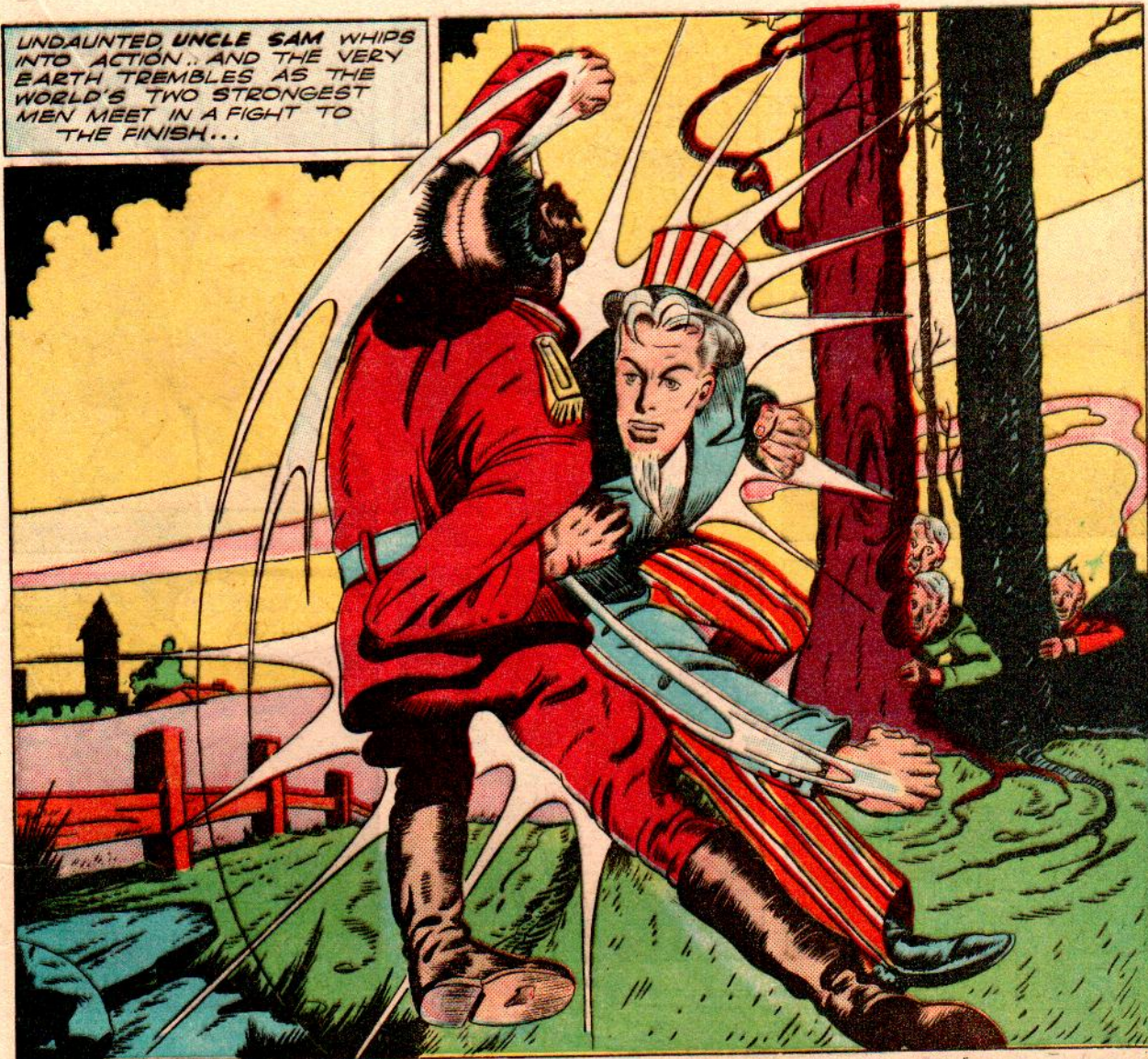


HAW...HAW...HAW... YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH THIS TIME, UNCLE SAM!!! I'M THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD!





UNDAUNTED UNCLE SAM WHIPS INTO ACTION... AND THE VERY EARTH TREMBLES AS THE WORLD'S TWO STRONGEST MEN MEET IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH...



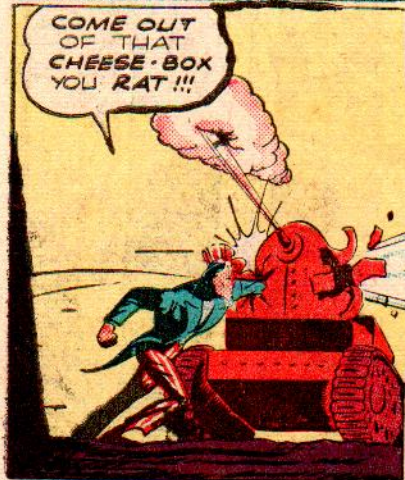
BREAKING AWAY, KING KILLER DASHES TO A NEARBY ARMORED CAR...



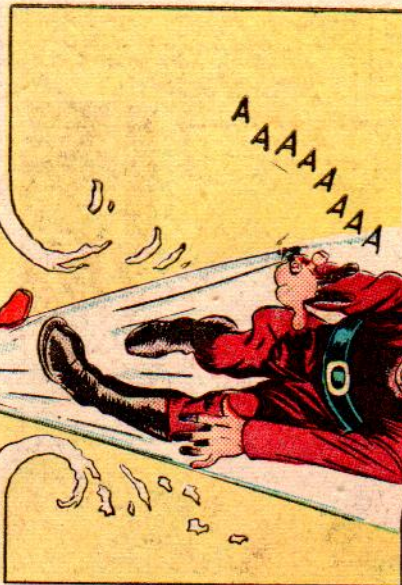


AS THE ARMORED MONSTER BEARS DOWN UPON HIM, UNCLE SAM LEAPS ASIDE AND SWINGS...

COME OUT OF THAT CHEESE-BOX YOU RAT!!!



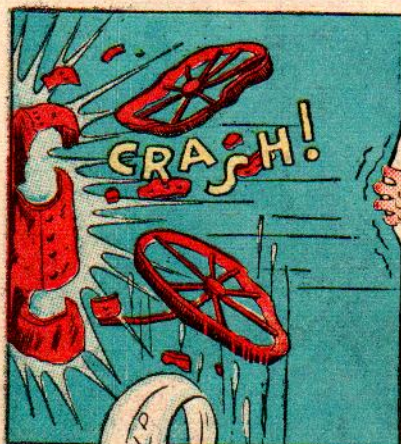
A A A A A A A A



COMB THIS OUTA YER BEARD FANCY PANTS!



CRASH!

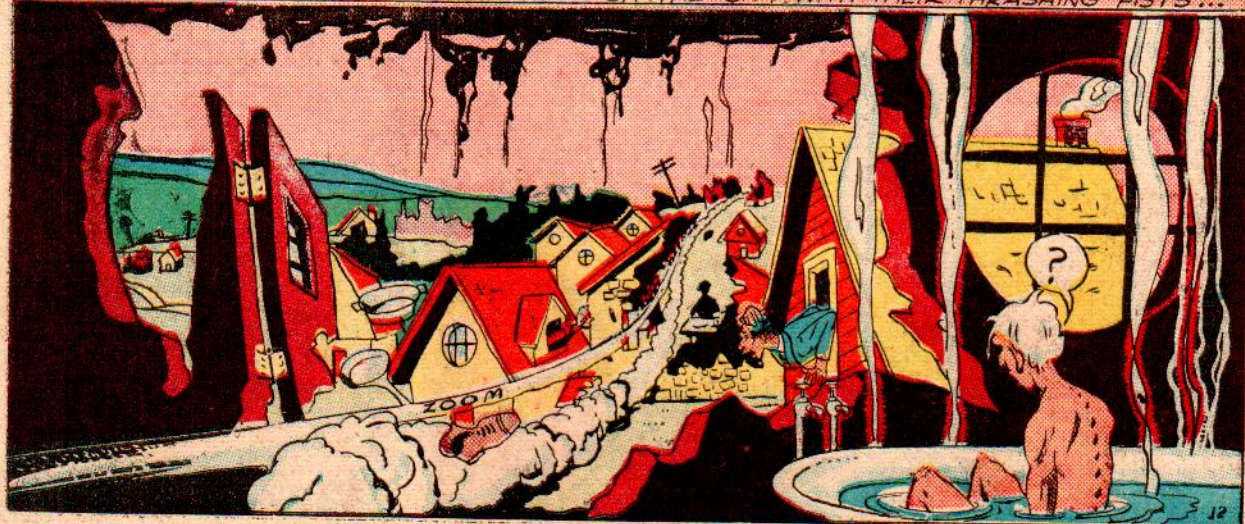


HERE I AM!

.. AND HERE YOU GO!



THE SUN SETS AND RISES, AND STILL THE WARRIORS CONTINUE THEIR TITANIC STRUGGLE, CLEAVING A PATH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE CITY WITH THEIR THRASHING FISTS...





AS THE THIRD MORNING DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR, TWO BATTERED FIGURES STUMBLE ONTO THE PLAINS BEYOND THE RUINED CITY, AND HEAD FOR THE DAM...



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY KING KILLER!!! BETTER GIVE UP NOW!!!

MEANWHILE, BUDDY HAS CREPT ATOP THE GENERATOR BUILDING WHERE KING KILLER WAITS FOR UNCLE SAM...

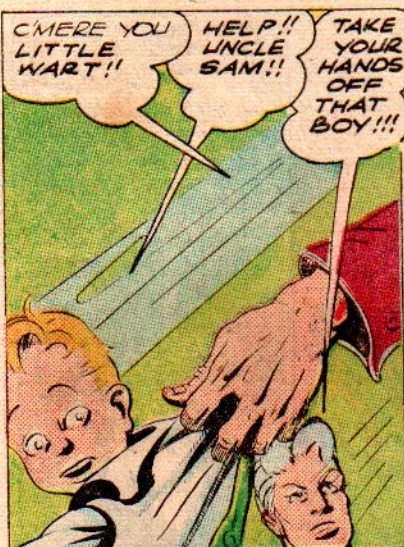


THERE HE IS!! I'LL SWING DOWN AND BOP HIM!!!

AS BUDDY PLUMMETS DOWN, THE TRAPPED KILLER SPOTS HIM...



UNCLE SAM'S KID!! HAH!! NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!!



C'MERE YOU LITTLE WART!!

HELP!! UNCLE SAM!!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT BOY!!!

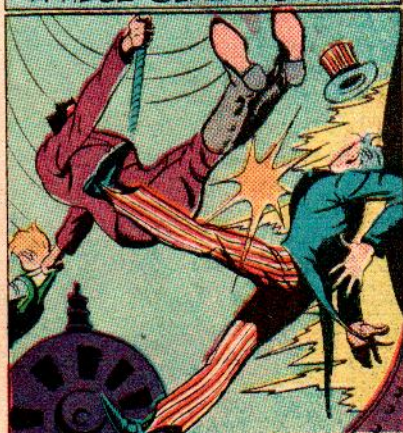
UNCLE SAM TEARS FORWARD AS THE MONSTER LEAPS FOR THE ROPE...



YOU OVER-GROWN NIGHT-MARE!! I'LL...

YAAAAAH!! COME.. AND GET ME!!

SMASHING FORWARD WITH THE FORCE OF A TRIP-HAMMER, KING KILLER SLAMS UNCLE SAM INTO A HUGE GENERATOR....



MILLIONS OF VOLTS COURSE THROUGH UNCLE SAM... ELECTRICITY ENOUGH TO KILL AN ARMY...



HA!! HA!! HA!! CHALLENGE THE KING OF CRIME WILL YOU?? YOU'RE FINISHED HA!! HA!! HA!!

RUSHING FROM THE HOUSE THE KING OF CRIME HEADS FOR THE MIDDLE OF THE DAM...



HE'S DONE FOR! NOW TO GET RID OF YOU!!

LEGGO! HELP!!!

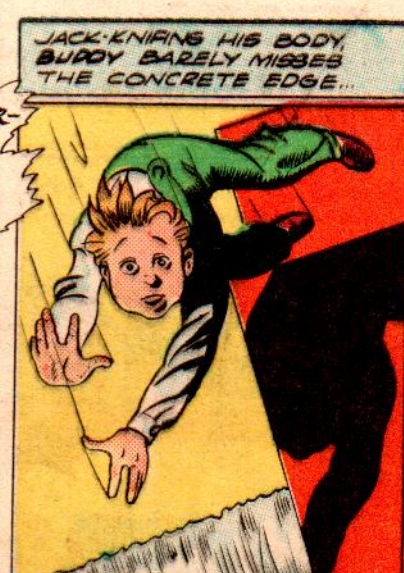
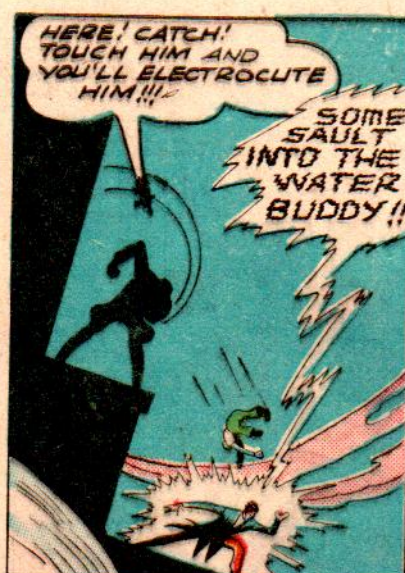
FIGHTING AGAINST THE TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL FORCE, UNCLE SAM TEARS AWAY.. A MOVING CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY...



GOT TO GET TO BUDDY!!



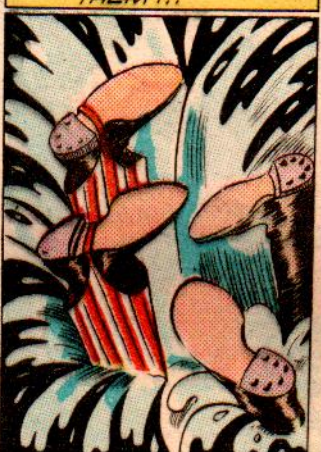
HIS BODY SPARKING, UNCLE SAM WEAVES TO THE TOP OF THE DAM



AS BUDDY DISAPPEARS INTO THE WATER, UNCLE SAM DIVES AT KING KILLER...



THE FIERCE STRUGGLE BEGINS AGAIN, AS THE WATERS CLOSE OVER THEM...



THE WATER BUBBLES AND FOAMS AS THE TWO TITANS CLASH BENEATH THE SURFACE...



MINUTES LATER, THE WATCHING CROWD EMITS AN EARTH-SHAKING CHEER...



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED SOLID STEEL PRISON IN EVERYTOWN...



WHEW!! HE WAS CERTAINLY A TOUGH CUSTOMER!!



AND DEEP WITHIN THE STEEL WALLS OF HIS SPECIAL DUNGEON, KING KILLER ROARS HIS DEFIANCE...





**FINAL**

UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

**Star Record**

THE AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

# UNCLE SAM A FAKE

## IMPOSSIBLE FEATS CLAIMED

### STAR-RECORD REPORTER EXPOSES GREATEST FRAUD PERPETRATED ON AMERICAN PEOPLE!

By LANEY PEDERSON

During the last few years, America has learned of the sudden appearance of a bewhiskered gentleman who claims he is Uncle Sam, the spirit of this country . . . a man who does the impossible . . . We believe there is no such person, and that he is undoubtedly the concoction of a clever publicity man!

We have never met this person . . . although we have all heard of him many times . . . in history books and political cartoons! To believe that such a man really exists is preposterous. We have heard people say that they have seen him and spoken with him . . . But when questioned, they all admitted that there was nothing at all extraordinary in his size, speech, or apparent strength. None of them had ever seen him perform even one of the miraculous feats which are accredited to him.

There are those who hold up as evidence of his powers, the many criminals who are now behind bars . . . We of this paper maintain that an equal number of criminals have been placed in jail by the local police forces, without the use of superhuman strength, or a pair of striped pants and a white goatee!

Therefore . . . in view of the appalling lack of evidence in favor of this so-called eighth wonder of the world, this paper contends that although there MAY be a person masquerading as Uncle Sam, his "powers" are purely and simply the invention of a HIGH PRICED AND HIGH PRESSURE PUBLICITY MAN! Furthermore, we challenge any and all comers to prove otherwise!

### DID THESE THINGS REALLY HAPPEN?

We submit the following incidents to the readers of the Star-Record. We ask our readers to honestly give their opinions—could any man, any man who was posing as a "spirit of America" accomplish these super-human deeds?

When America first learned of the presence of this so-called Uncle Sam, he

was battling against the menace of dictatorship. The Purple Shirts had kidnapped the president of the United States. According to the legend, he fought against the entire fascist band single-handed, had boulders cracked on his skull—with no effect—walked into the mouth of cannon-fire, smashed through solid brick walls and then rescued the kidnapped president of this country.

No single man could have accomplished this. It would have taken an army.

He is supposed to have wrecked—single-handed again—a plot to crush the United States Navy. In accomplishing this so-called miraculous task, he is said to have ripped apart the steel hulls of enemy warships, towed immensely heavy floating islands to their destruction, hurled anchors high into the air so that they clipped the wings of enemy airplanes—and thus effected the saving of the United States Navy. By any stretch of the imagination, could *any one man* accomplish this?

These and a thousand other feats are supposed to have been accomplished by this Uncle Sam. We say—prove there is an Uncle Sam, to us—he's a "phony"!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY WORLD ...



BOB, THE RECORD SAYS UNCLE SAM'S A PHONEY!... I SAY HE'S REAL! TAKE THIS PHOTO! AND GET THAT STORY!!

RIGHT!!

AS BOB HURRIES TO THE CAR...



GEE! THIS IS A BREAK! OH... HELLO 'LANEY... I..

HMPH!



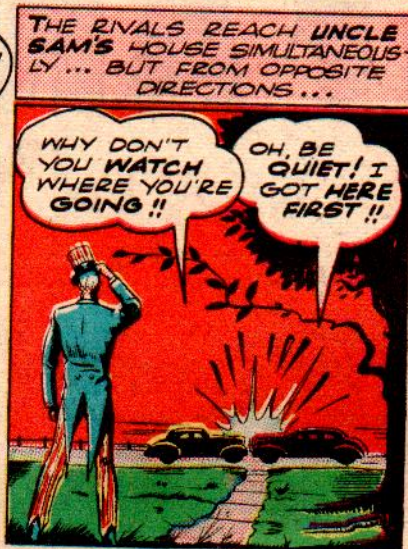
LOOKS LIKE YOUR ROMANCE IS AS COLD AS LAST NIGHT'S FISH, SONNY!

..AND ALL BECAUSE I SAY UNCLE SAM IS REAL!! SHE THINKS HE'S A PHONEY... HEY!



THAT'S LANEY'S CAR!! HURRY UP OR SHE'LL BEAT US TO EVERYTOWN!!

TAKE THIS SHORTCUT! WE'LL BEAT 'EM!!



THE RIVALS REACH UNCLE SAM'S HOUSE SIMULTANEOUSLY... BUT FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!

OH, BE QUIET! I GOT HERE FIRST!!



UNCLE SAM! YOU'RE THE SPIRIT AND STRENGTH OF AMERICA AREN'T YOU?!

OH NUTS! YOU'RE JUST MAKING BELIEVE, AREN'T YOU, UNCLE SAM?

SAAAAY HOLD ON THERE!



AFTER ALL, I.. EH? WHAT IS IT, BUDDY?

A FIRE.. DOWN THE ROAD!! SOME PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED!!



CAN'T TALK NOW!! C'MON ALONG IF YOU LIKE ....



C'MON, KNOW-IT-ALL! THIS'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A PHONEY, YOU PHONEY!!!

WELL OF ALL THE ...



AS THE QUARRELSOME LOVERS  
ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE  
FIRE...



CLINGING TO THE SHEER  
FACE OF THE BLAZING  
BUILDING, UNCLE SAM  
PLUCKS THE DOOMED  
WOMAN FROM THE JAWS  
OF DEATH....



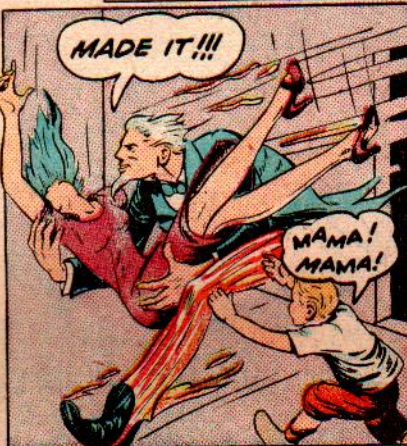
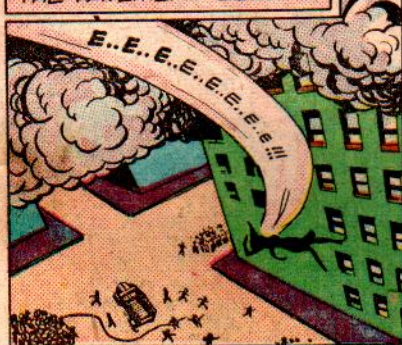
MAKING A DESPERATE  
EFFORT UNCLE SAM  
HEAVES THE WOMAN  
CLEAR, AS THE ROAR-  
ING INFERNO CLAIMS  
HIM...



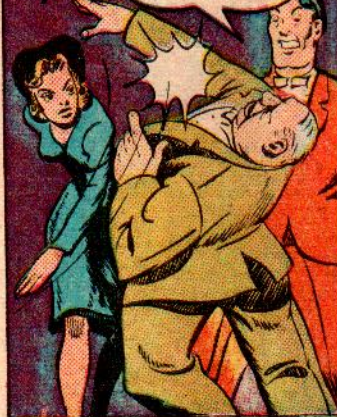
SUDDENLY FROM THE  
WITHERING INFERNO  
CHARGES A SMOKING  
FIGURE...

LANEY'S CITY EDITOR RUSHES  
ONTO THE SCENE...

THE HELPLESS WOMAN  
HURTLES TOWARDS A  
HORRIBLE DEATH ON  
THE PAVEMENT BELOW..



YOU'RE THE CHEAP  
PHONEY!!  
AND I'M  
QUITTING!!



FIRST I'LL  
WRITE THE STORY  
OF WHO UNCLE  
SAM IS AND HOW  
HE CAME TO BE..  
THEN WE'LL GO  
ON OUR  
HONEYMOON!!



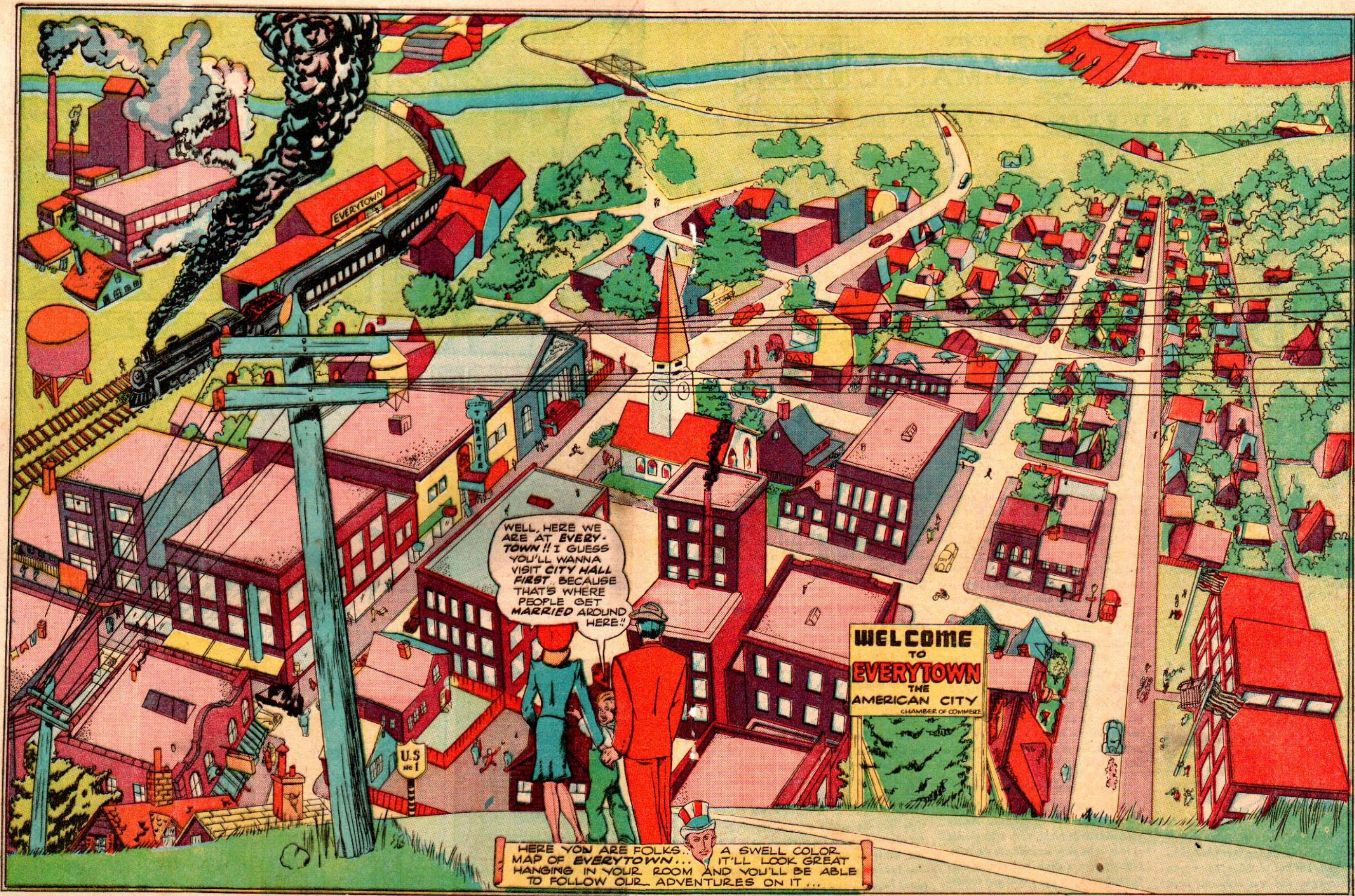
... WAIT! DON'T  
FIGHT... I'LL  
WRITE THE  
STORY  
FOR  
YOU!!



LOOKS LIKE THAT  
WAS THE SOLUTION  
EH, BUDDY? IN THE  
MEANTIME, WHY  
DON'T YOU SHOW  
THEM AROUND  
OUR LITTLE  
TOWN?







WELL, HERE WE  
ARE AT EVERY-  
TOWN!! I GUESS  
YOU'LL WANNA  
VISIT CITY HALL  
FIRST, BECAUSE  
THAT'S WHERE  
PEOPLE GET  
MARRIED AROUND  
HERE!!

WELCOME  
TO  
**EVERYTOWN**  
THE  
AMERICAN CITY  
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

HERE YOU ARE FOLKS... A SWELL COLOR  
MAP OF EVERYTOWN... IT'LL LOOK GREAT  
HANGING IN YOUR ROOM AND YOU'LL BE ABLE  
TO FOLLOW OUR ADVENTURES ON IT...



Average net paid circulation

Daily --- 1,975  
Sunday - 3,600

UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

DAILY  ALMANAC

★★★★★  
**FINAL**

PUBLISHED AND PRINTED IN EVERY TOWN

# UNCLE SAM REAL... BUDDY SAYS !!

## REFUTES RECORD CHARGES

### BUDDY, UNCLE SAM'S PROTEGE, TELLS OF THRILLING ADVENTURES...

By BUDDY

I've known Uncle Sam for quite a while now, and it makes me awful mad to have someone say he's a phony. I've been with him all the time since that first day I saw him in the desert, and I KNOW he can do all the things that people say he can't do! Lot's of people ask me where he gets the strength to do the things he does, as if it was something supernatural... but it's really very simple.

He was born out of the fighting spirit of the Colonies, during the Revolutionary War. He was at Valley Forge with Washington, and was right up front

when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. He got his sea legs in the War of 1812, and he stormed San Juan hill with the Rough-Riders in the Spanish-American War. In the first World War he carried the flag at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood... and today, with 130 million people behind him, he's more powerful than ever. You fellas know how it is if the crowd is all cheering for you... you always try harder, and always do your best when they're encouraging you. That's the way with Uncle Sam. Nobody is big enough to lick him if everyone of us stands behind him and cheers. Naturally he can't do his best if everyone is against him, that's why it's so important for us to all stick by him in these times.

#### Uncle Sam Fought Spies

One of the best things about him is the fact that he's so tolerant. Nearly everyone can do pretty much as he pleases as long as he plays according to the rules. Nobody likes a cheat, and neither does Uncle Sam. Spies and crooks and traitors

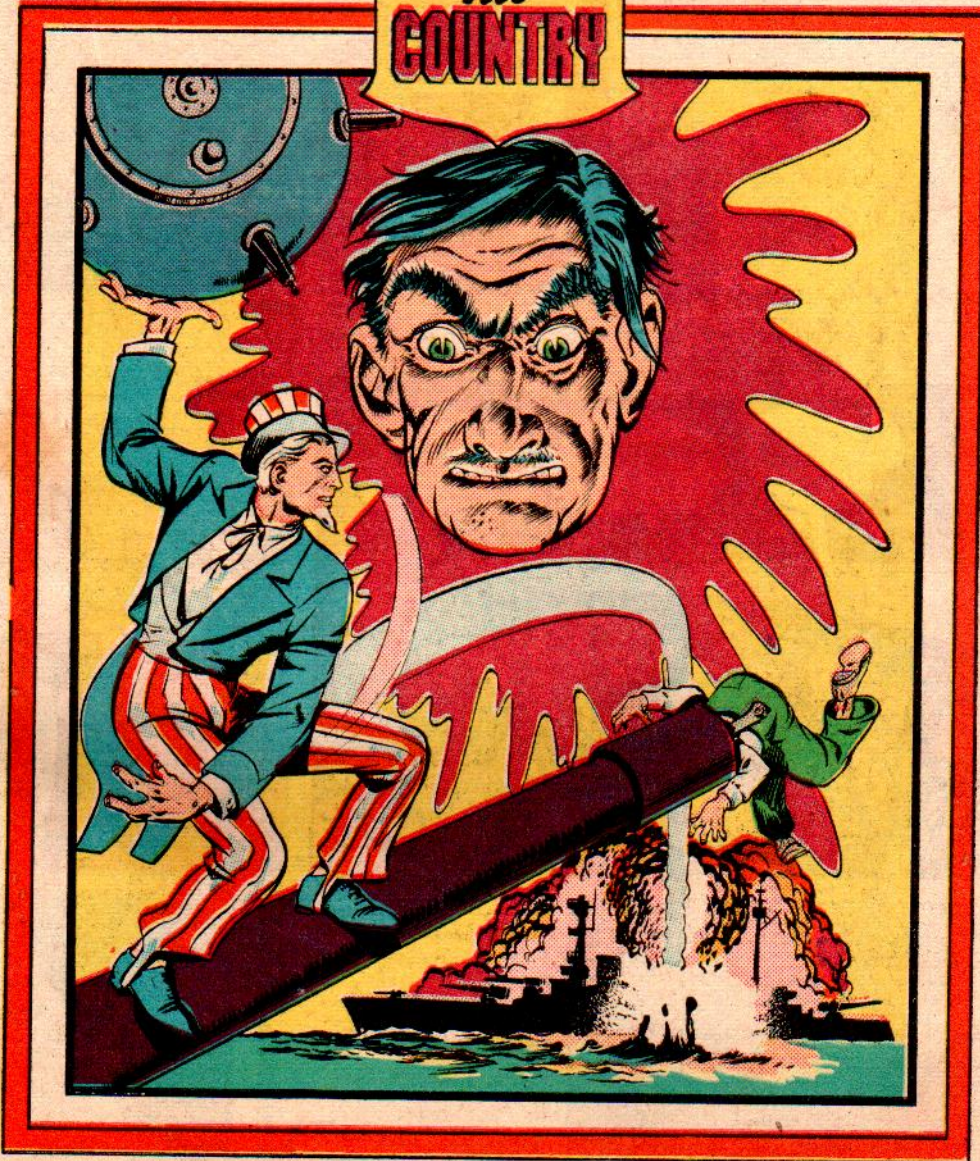
are all cheats, and our Uncle Sam doesn't stand for that sort of thing. He worked awful hard to make this country as swell as it is today, and he gets good and mad when anybody tries to upset his way of living. That's why the jails are so full of bad guys.

The Star-Record says that no one man could do the things that he does... Well, he doesn't exactly do it all alone, because like I said, there's 130 million people behind him, giving him strength to keep on fighting evil, and make this country the swellest place in the world to live—

Yes sir, I've been with Uncle Sam for a long time now, and let me tell you that he's the best Uncle a fella ever had. We've had some pretty exciting adventures too, but the only time that anyone ever came close to licking him was the time that the people stopped cheering for him and he lost his strength. So let's not listen to old sourpusses like the Star-Record, and let's get in there and cheer for our Uncle Sam.



*The*  
**MAN**  
*who*  
**SOLD**  
*his*  
**COUNTRY**



**Chapter 3.**  
**UNCLE SAM**  
*William Eisner*



NOVEMBER 1940...DISASTER  
THREATENS THE WORLD...  
AND IN AMERICA THE PRES-  
IDENTIAL ELECTION ROCKS  
THE NATION...  
AMONG THE INEVITABLE HORDE  
OF WEAK FACTIONS WHICH BLOS-  
SOM FORTH FOR THEIR MOMENT  
OF GLORY ONLY TO BE OVER-  
WHELMED BY THE LARGER  
PARTIES, WAS THE PROGRESSIVE  
PARTY HEADED BY HORATIO  
BROWN...

... AND IN A SMOKE FILLED  
OFFICE A GROUP OF MEN  
RECEIVE THE NEWS IN  
STUNNED SILENCE ...

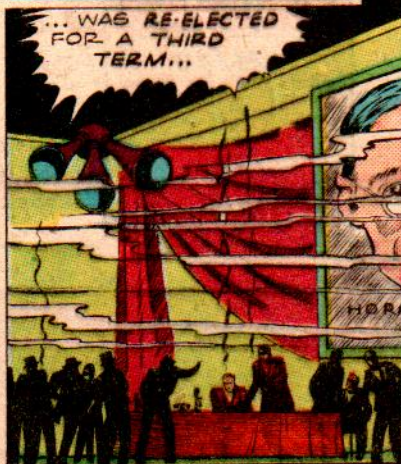
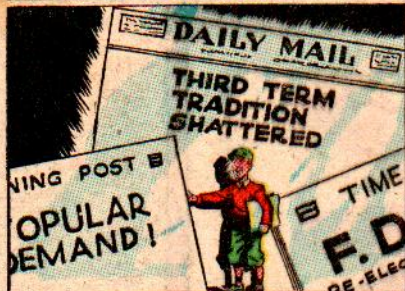
... WAS RE-ELECTED  
FOR A THIRD  
TERM...

TOUGH LUCK  
HORATIO...

TOO BAD  
OLD MAN!

SORRY  
BROWN...

HORATIO BROWN  
FOR  
PRESIDENT



YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!!  
ASIDE, YOU GREAT  
HULK OF STUPIDITY!!

HEY!  
TAKE  
IT  
EASY  
MAC!!

CRUSHED BY HIS DEFEAT, HORATIO BROWN STUMBLES OUT INTO  
THE STREET, WHERE HE IS SWALLOWED IN THE THRONGS  
OF MERRY-MAKERS ...

'RAY FER  
F.D.R.  
!!

WHOOPEEE!!

S'GREAT  
AIN'T IT  
SHORTY?!

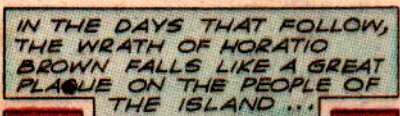
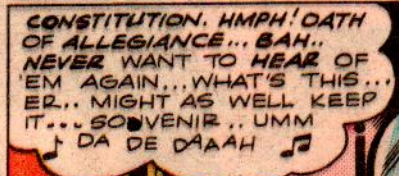
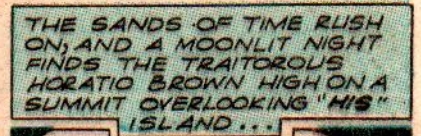
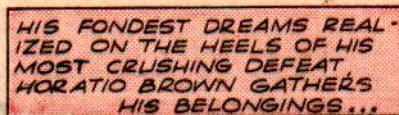


DISILLUSIONED AND EMBITTERED, THE  
LITTLE MAN SEEKS THE SOLITUDE OF  
A DESERTED, RAIN-SWEPT, SIDE STREET..  
HIS SPIRIT, NOW BROKEN BY THIS  
LAST BLOW..THE REFERENCE TO HIS  
SIZE...

CAN'T THE FOOLS  
REALIZE THAT WE  
LITTLE MEN HAVE  
BRAINS?! WHY  
MUST WE BE  
PAWNS TO THE  
EGO OF THESE  
OVERSIZED IDIOTS?!  
I'D GIVE ANYTHING  
TO BE KING FOR  
A MONTH !!!





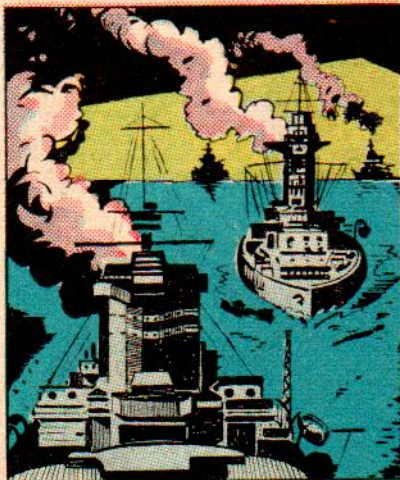




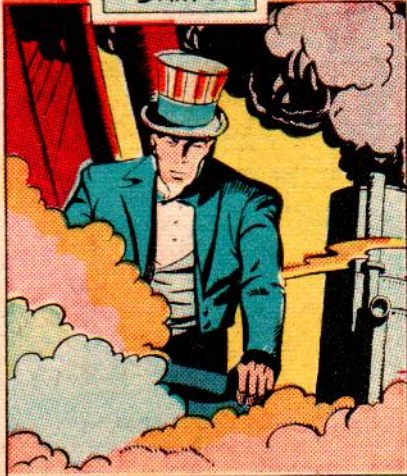
MEANWHILE..WITH THE STOLEN DEFENSE PLANS IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE FOREIGN POWERS DECLARE "WAR ON THE UNITED STATE....



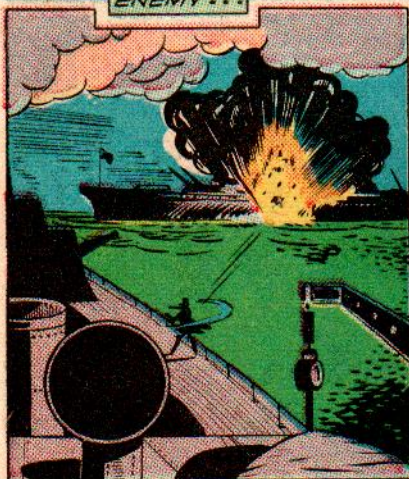
OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE THE NAVY STEAMS OUT TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY...



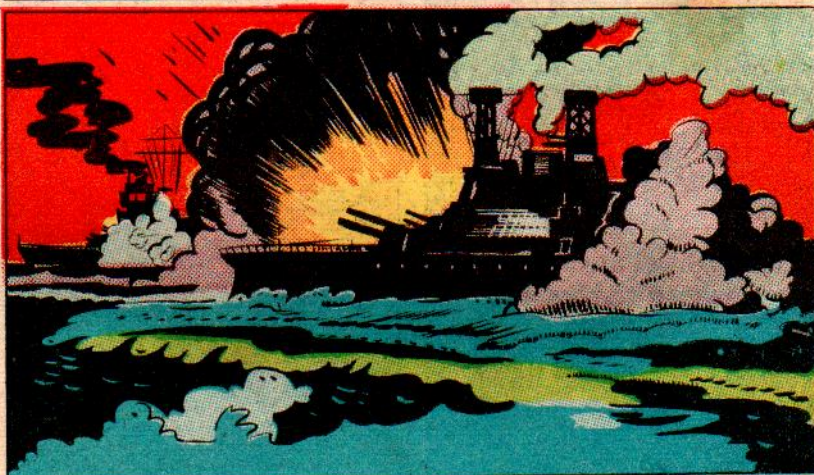
... AND THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE OF BATTLE LOOMS THE HEROIC FIGURE OF UNCLE SAM ...



HURLING MINES AND TORPEDOS WITH DEADLY AIM, UNCLE SAM WREAKS HAVOC AMONG THE ENEMY...



BUT DESPITE HIS HERCULEAN EFFORTS, THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICAN NAVY IS SLOWLY CUT TO PIECES.. SUDDENLY UNCLE SAM'S SHIP RECEIVES A DIRECT HIT ...



THE HUNGRY WATERS EAGERLY CLUTCH AT THE DOOMED VESSEL.. BUT THE GALLANT CREW FIGHTS ON...



THE SHIP HISSES IN PAIN AS THE WATER REACHES THE THROBBING BOILERS..

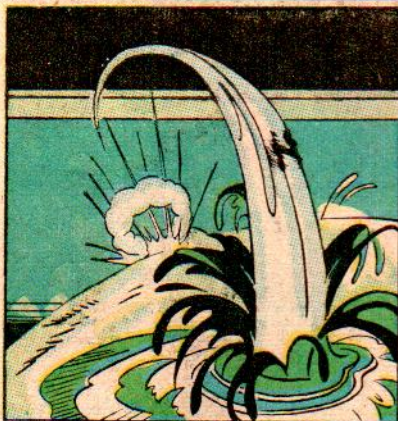


JUMP BUDDY!! IT'S GOIN' UP!!



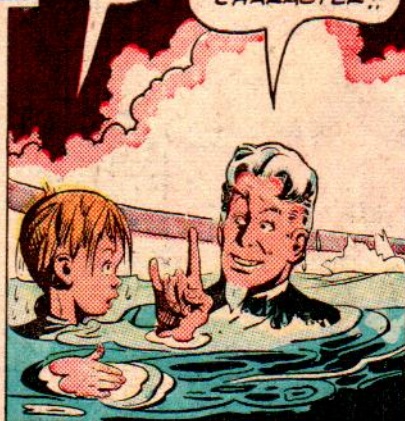


PROPELLED BY THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY HURTLER THROUGH THE AIR, FINALLY PLUNGING INTO THE OCEAN, MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE...



GEE, UNCLE SAM... DON'T THINGS LIKE THAT EVER HURT YOU?

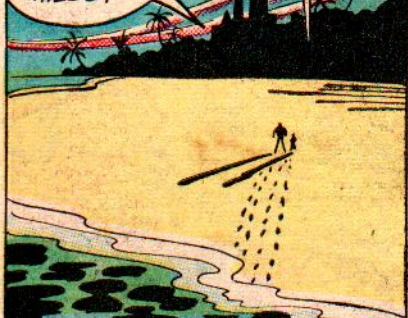
A A H! YOU FORGET THAT I'M A SUPER-CHARACTER!!



WITH A FEW POWERFUL STROKES, THEY REACH A NEARBY ISLE...

HUH! THE VEGETATION HERE IS TROPICAL... WE MUST HAVE TRAVELED A HUNDRED MILES!

GEE WHIZ!! A CASTLE... I WONDER WHERE WE ARE!!?



WHILE DEEP WITHIN THE FORBIDDING STRUCTURE SITS HORATIO BROWN... WHOSE LUST FOR POWER HAS BECOME A VERITABLE FRANKENSTEIN...



WITH A BLAST OF MEDIEVAL FANFARE, THE GREAT DOORS ARE SWUNG OPEN...

YOUR EXCELLENCY... TWO PRISONERS... CAPTURED IN THE COURTYARD....

WELL... WELL... UNCLE SAM!!



YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE DOOMED!! HEH... HEH... WHEN YOUR PACIFIC FLEET ENTERS THE CANAL, IT WILL BE DESTROYED! YOUR COUNTRY WILL BE HELPLESS.. AND I, HORATIO BROWN, ENGINEERED IT... I'LL ....



WELL, I'LL BE... WHY YOU...



NOW.... YOU LITTLE... ..

WAIT.. WAIT!!! LET'S TALK THIS THING OVER... ER... AHEN... YES...

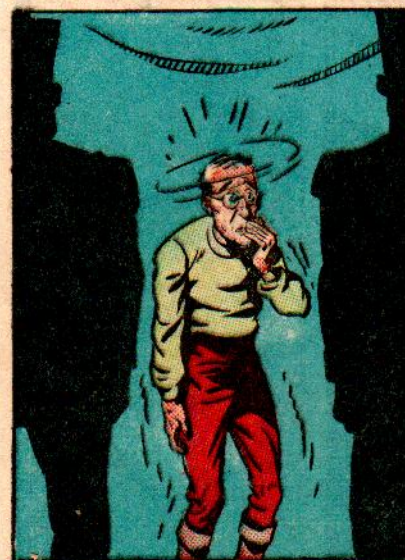


NEVER MIND THE TALK!! I'LL GET ME TO PANAMA!!

THERE IS NO WAY TO LEAVE!! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO REACH THERE??









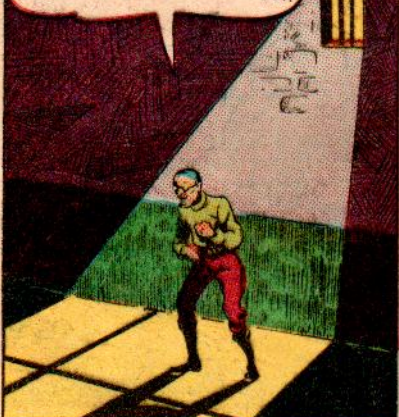
YOUR TRAITOROUS EXISTANCE IS PROLONGED MERELY BY ORDERS FROM THE HOME-LAND... WHEN THE ONCE PROUD UNITED STATES IS REDUCED TO SERFDOOM, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY!!



WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... MY COUNTRY ATTACKED... MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY DYING... MY OWN LIFE WORTHLESS... I MUST REDEEM MYSELF BEFORE I DIE... I MUST! I MUST!



I KNOW!! THE PLANE!! I CAN STOP THEM... I KNOW THEIR PLANS... HE CALLED ME A TRAITOR... I'LL BETRAY THEM TOO! HEH... HEH... HEH... HEH... HEH...



LATER... FAR OUT IN THE ATLANTIC...



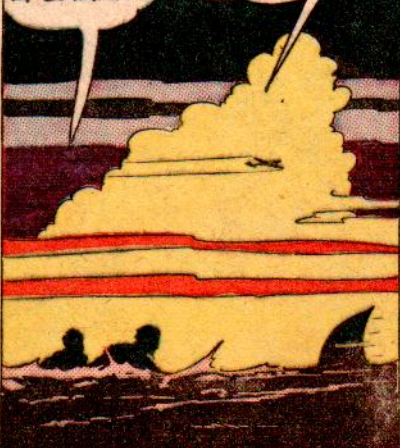
HEY! LOOK!! A PLANE COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE ISLAND!!



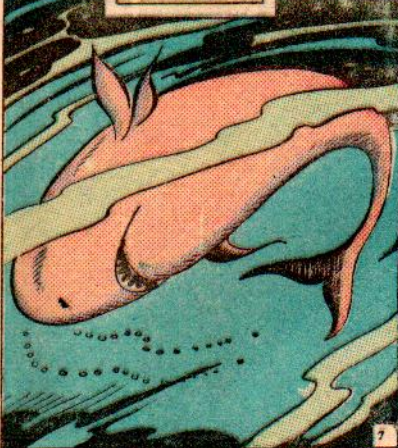
IN THE SPEEDING PLANE



I WONDER WHO.... UNCLE SAM!!! A SHARK!!



SHADES OF BUNKER HILL!! STEP ASIDE, BUDDY!!





AS THE VICIOUS MONSTER FLASHES BENEATH HIM, UNCLE SAM THROWS HIS MIGHTY ARMS ABOUT ITS GILLS.



UNABLE TO BREATHE.. THE GIANT KILLER DROWNS ...



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

BY GOLLY! THESE SHARK STEAKS SURE HIT THE SPOT!!!



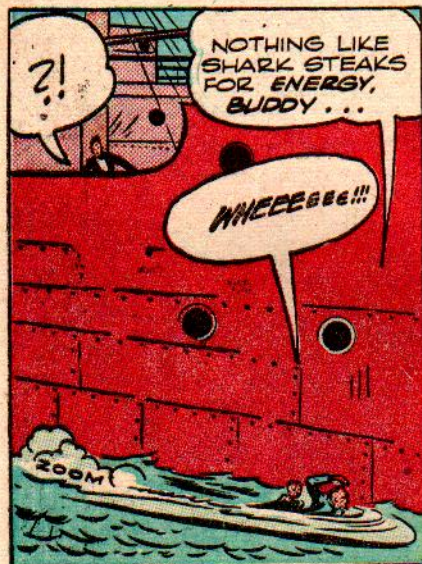
YES SIR!! IT'S LUCKY WE KNEW HOW TO MAKE A FIRE WITH THAT DRIFT-WOOD!!!

MEANWHILE.. ON A LUXURY LINER, NOT FAR AWAY...

HIC! BEYOOTIFUL SHIP...

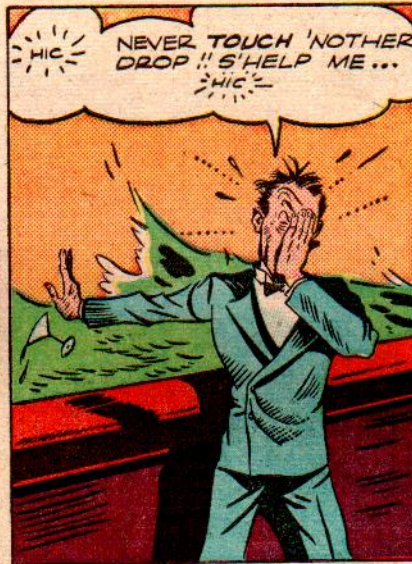


YES SIR! AN' THE FASTEST ONE TOO!!



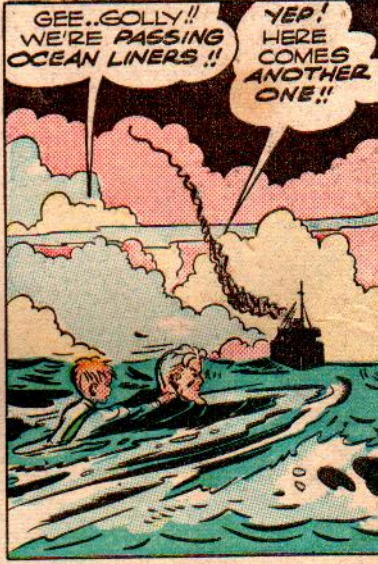
NOTHING LIKE SHARK STEAKS FOR ENERGY, BUDDY...

WHEEEEE!!!



HIC!

NEVER TOUCH 'NOTHER DROP!! S'HELP ME...



GEE..GOLLY!! WE'RE PASSING OCEAN LINERS!!

YEP! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!!



SHIVER ME TIMBERS!! A TORPEDO!

EGAD!! WE'RE DOOMED!! MAN THE LIFEBOATS!!!



EEEEEEEEEEK!!

HELP!! A U-BOAT!!!

OUTA ME WAY!!



I WONDER WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT'S ABOUT?

I DUNNO!

THEY LOOKED AT US AND STARTED SCREAMING!! MUST BE CRAZY!

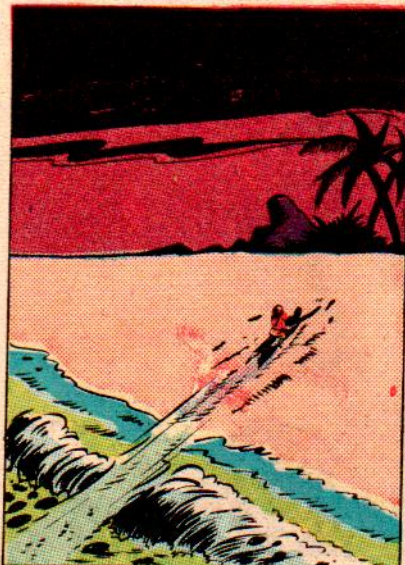


WITH EACH STROKE OF HIS MIGHTY ARMS, UNCLE SAM DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER HIS GOAL... SUDDENLY...



UNCLE SAM!! THERE'S LAND!!

RIGHT YOU ARE!! HOLD TIGHT... HERE WE GO!!



CONSNARN!! TOOK THE CREASE RIGHT OUT O' MY PANTS...

WELL... MAYBE. YOU... SAY!! ISN'T THAT THE PLANE WE SAW??



EXCUSE ME, FRIEND.. WHOSE PLANE WAS THAT?

OH, SOME-A SCREWBALL!! HE'S-A RUN O' D'HILL SAYIN' HE'S A DICTATOR! HEH! HEH! MUCHO LOCO, NO?



GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S HORATIO BROWN!! C'MON, BUDDY WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!!



WHILE HIGH ABOVE THE TOWN, DASHES HORATIO BROWN... CARRYING AN AMERICAN FLAG IN HIS HAND...

HEH... HEH... PUFF... I'LL SHOW THEM PUFF... INVADE MY COUNTRY WILL THEY!!



HE MUST HAVE COME TO WARN THEM... THE DOG!!!

GEE!! WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM IN ALL THIS JUNGLE!!



AND IN A SMALL HUT ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, SIT THE SPIES WHO INTEND TO BLAST THE PANAMA CANAL...

IT IS ALL SET!! AFTER THE CANAL IS NO MORE ONE OF US WILL DESTROY THIS PLACE WITH THAT SWITCH OVER THERE...

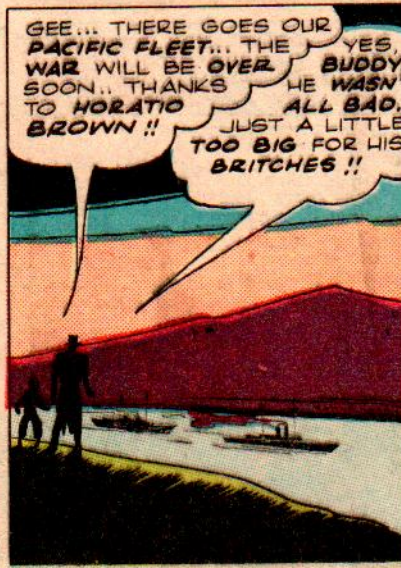
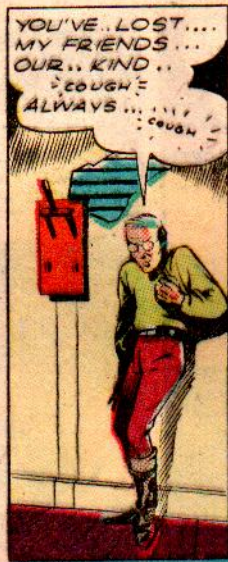
BUT... THAT WILL BLOW THE HUT TO PIECES AND KILL....



PRECISELY!! THERE WILL BE NO TRACES OF... WHA.....

CORRECT!! NO TRACES OF ANY OF US!!







# The MAD POET

OR

UNCLE SAM

*Battler*

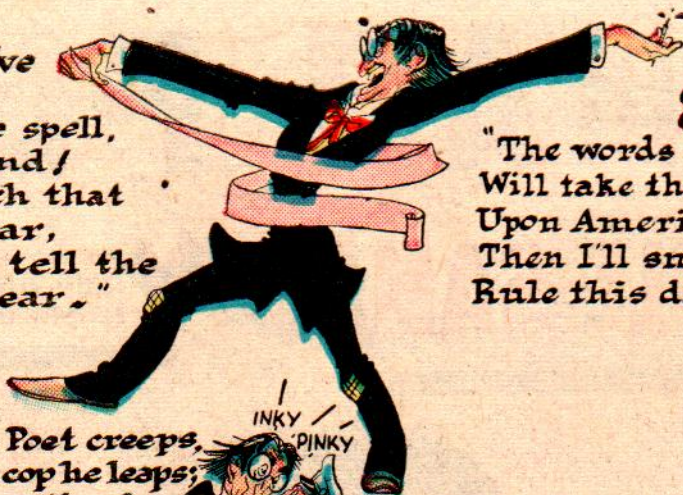
INKY PINKY OMBLAGOO  
FOLDER DOBBLE BOTTLEPOO



Oh, a horrible tale we have to tell,  
Of a fiendish rhyme and its cruel  
spell;  
Of a dastardly plot to rule our  
land,  
Till Uncle Sam took a hand!

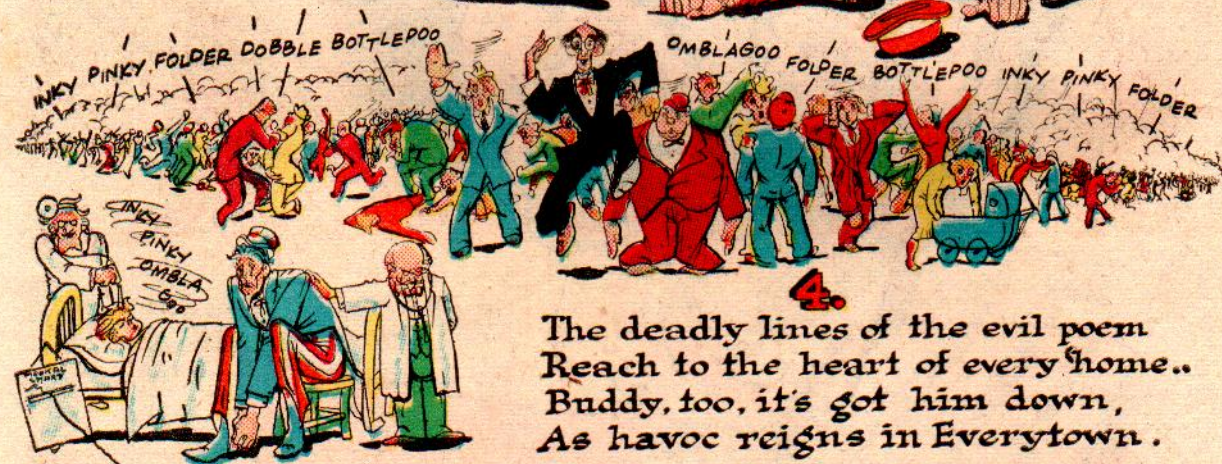
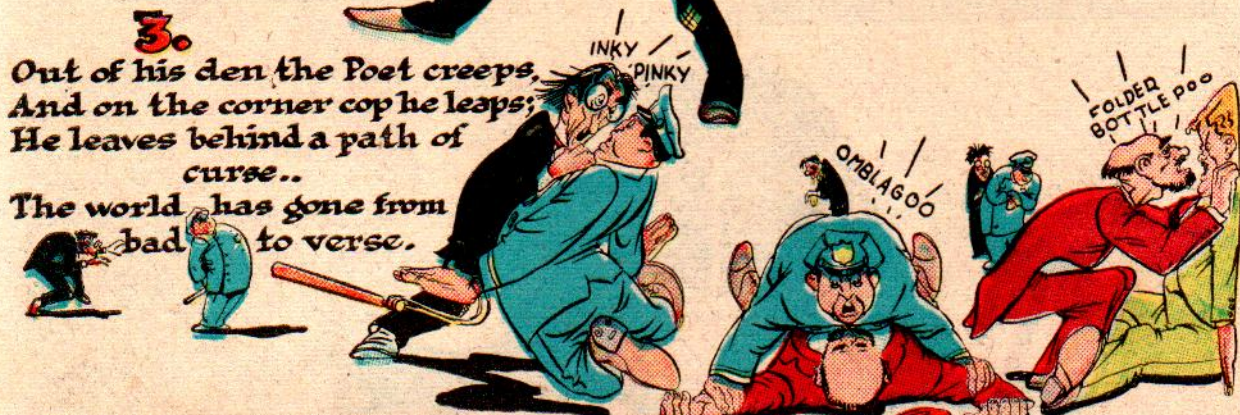


**1.**  
 'Eureka, at last I've  
 found.  
 With its terrible spell,  
 they'll be bound /  
 Its power is such that  
 all who hear,  
 Must grab and tell the  
 first one near."



**2.**  
 "The words once told,  
 Will take their hold..  
 Upon America the free..  
 Then I'll smash in and  
 Rule this darn country."

**3.**  
 Out of his den the Poet creeps,  
 And on the corner cop he leaps;  
 He leaves behind a path of  
 curse..  
 The world has gone from  
 bad to verse.

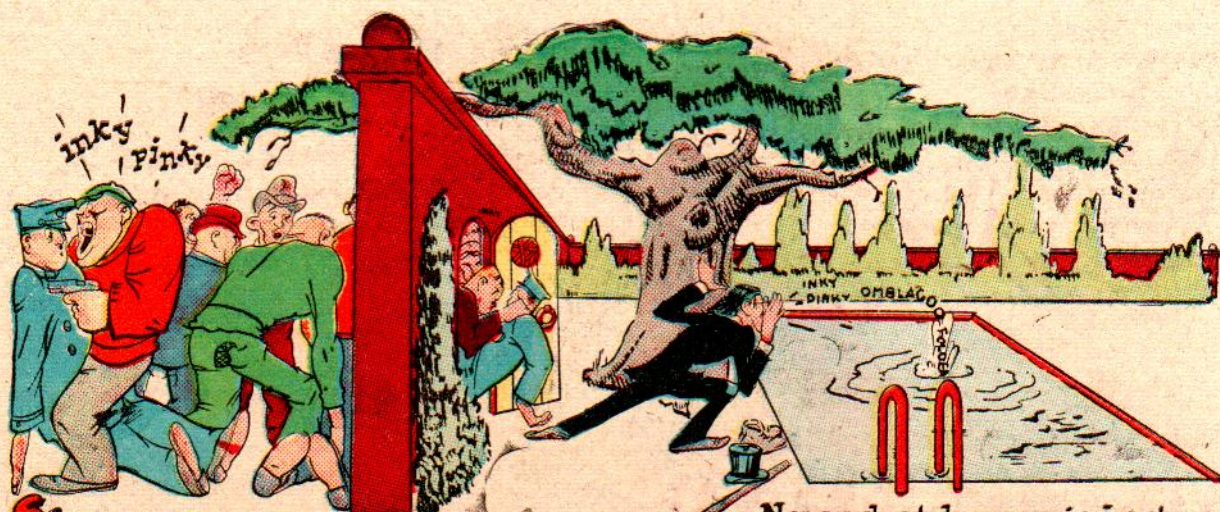


**4.**  
 The deadly lines of the evil poem  
 Reach to the heart of every home..  
 Buddy, too, it's got him down,  
 As havoc reigns in Everytown .

**5.**  
 Then he said, "I need some force  
 To show the people whose the boss".  
 So he got himself some men with muscle,  
 "Now I'm ready for any tussle"

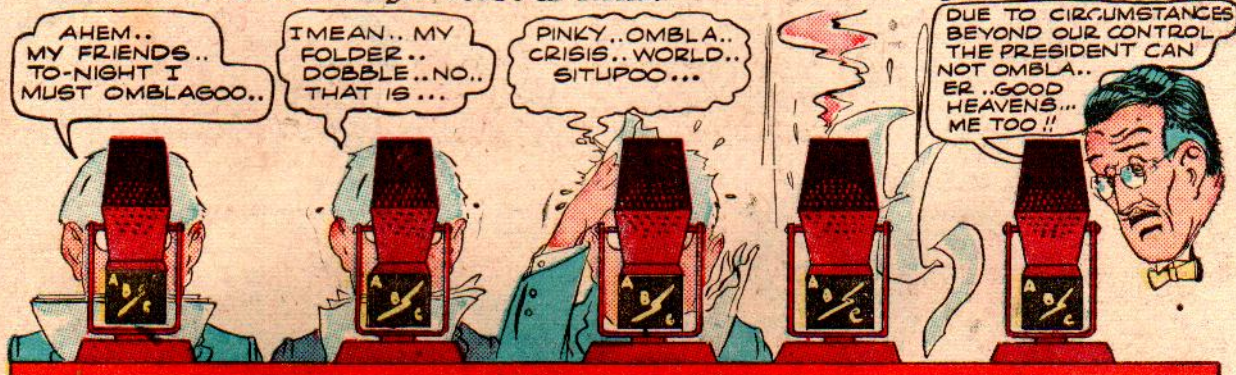






6. Aided by his vicious crew,  
He walks into the White House too..  
He finds the President at his swim  
And shouts the magic verse at him..

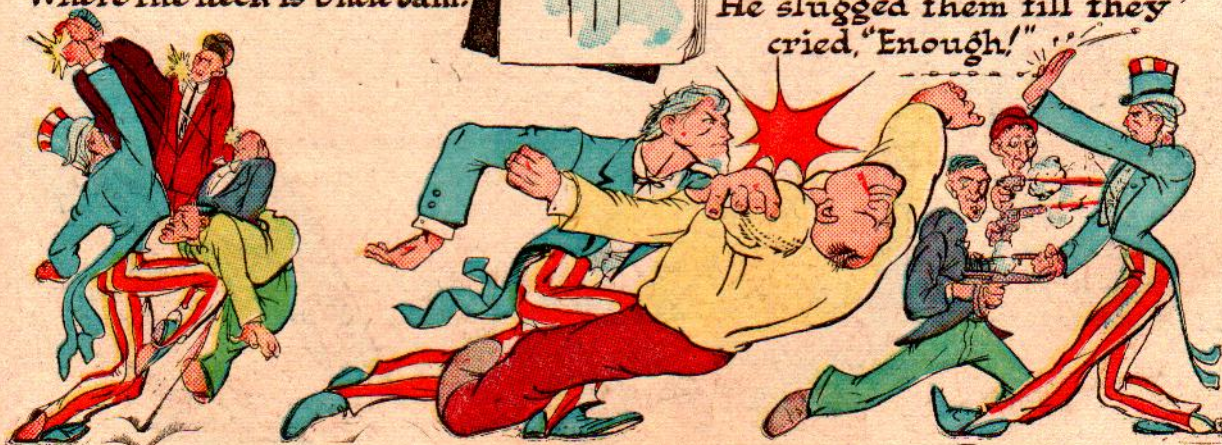
Now what horror is in store..  
7. Can any nation suffer more?  
The President is on the air  
What defense plan will he lay bare?



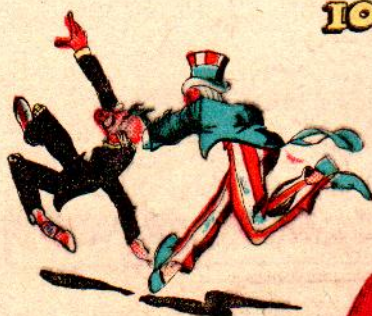
8. Panic rules from sea to sea  
And the poet laughs in fiendish glee..  
Will this reign of terror find no dam?  
Where the heck is Uncle Sam?



9. The poet knows where our Uncle strolls..  
The gang will shoot him full of holes..  
But Uncle proved a bit too tough..  
He slugged them till they cried, "Enough!"







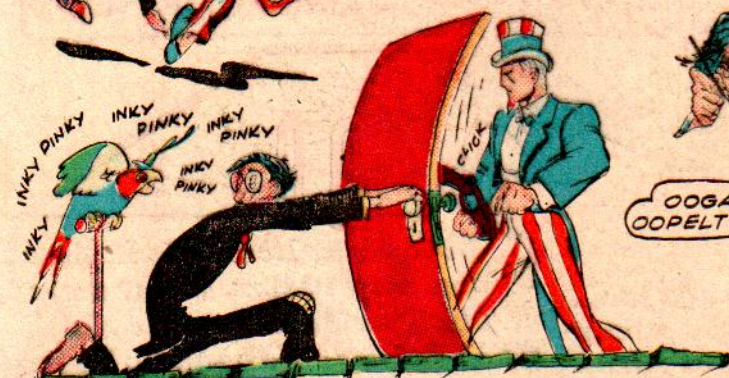
**10.** He finds the poet  
in his lair,  
And grabs him  
by his uncut  
hair..

**11.** "AND NOW MY LITTLE MAN  
SO BRIGHT..  
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE  
YOUR PEN AND WRITE..  
FEEL MY HAND AROUND  
YOUR THROAT?  
I WANT THAT POEM'S  
ANTIDOTE!"

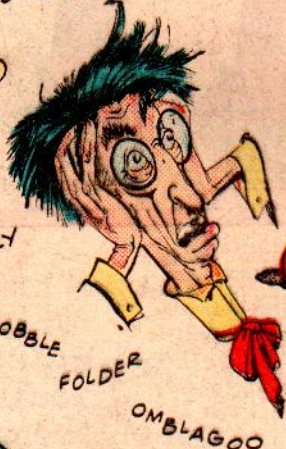
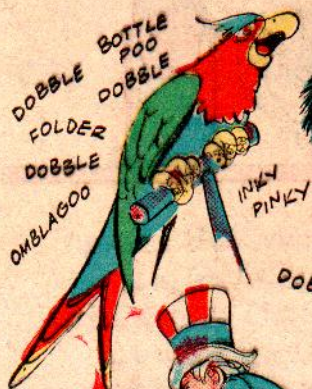
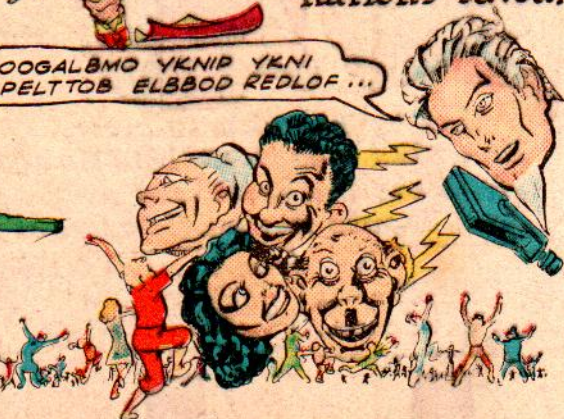
The curse once told,  
The poem loses its  
hold,

**12.** And hooray! the  
nation's saved!

OOGALBMO YKNIP YKNI  
OOPELT TOB ELBBOD REDLOF ...



**13.** Then he locked him in a room,  
Where the poet met his doom..  
For there a parrot did rehearse,  
To croak all day the poet's verse.



**14.**

I CANNOT INKY PINKY  
THIS RHYME TORTURE  
ANY LONGER.. LIFE IS  
NOT WORTH A BOTTLE..  
POO.. SO I AM GOING  
TO FOLDER DOBBLE  
MYSELF... GOODBYE  
"SWEET OMBLAGOO..."

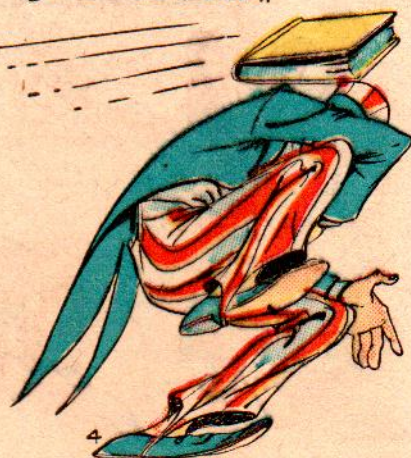
**17.**

"LOOK OUT! YOU WOULDN'T..  
YES, YOU WOULD ...  
I'M GLAD YOUR AIM  
IS NOT SO GOOD!!"

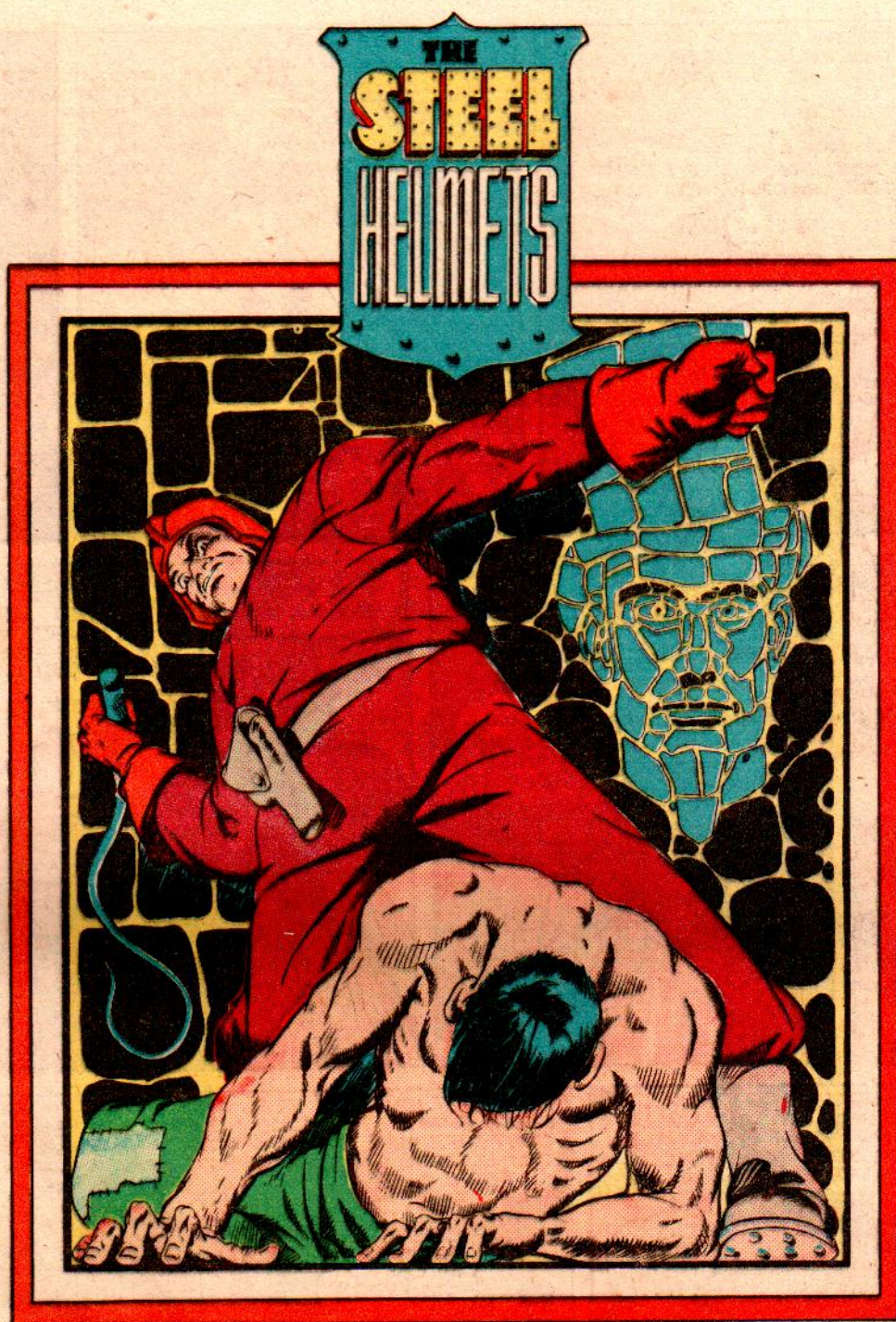


And Uncle Sam,  
The battle won,  
Brings a present  
To his foster son.

**16.**  
"HERE IS A PRESENT FOR YOU KID,  
TO MAKE UP FOR THE STRETCH  
YOU DID!"







**Chapter 4.**  
**UNCLE SAM**  
*William Eisner*



A WAVE OF RIOTS SWEEP THE NATION... MEN AND WOMEN ARE BEATEN, CHILDREN MADE ORPHANS AS THE UPHEAVAL THUNDERS TO A CLIMAX IN EVERY-TOWN, THE HOME OF UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY...

THE TERROR SWEEPS ONWARD, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE...

KILL THE FOREIGN DOGS!!... THESE RATS WHO TAKE OUT CITIZENSHIP PAPERS... LYNCH 'EM!!

YOU BRUTES... YOU BEASTS... (SOB)

YOU FILTHY SWINE!!



IN AN OFFICE OVERLOOKING MAIN STREET...

THE NEXT DAY UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY PREPARE TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET AT EVERYTOWN JUNIOR HIGH...

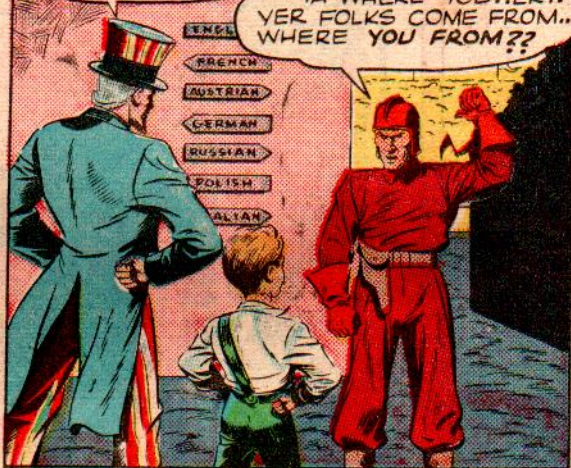
SAY... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THOSE SIGNS??

NEW ORDERS, GRANDPA!! YA GETS SEATED 'ACCORDIN' TA WHERE YOU...ER... VER FOLKS COME FROM... WHERE YOU FROM??

TOMORROW I'LL FINISH THIS UNCLE SAM MYSELF!!

I OUGHT TO BE LOOKING INTO THOSE RIOTS, BUDDY...

AW.. YOU NEED A HOLIDAY...



WAAAL.. THAT'S HARD TO SAY.. Y'SEE MY FOLKS CAME FROM ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD!!

HUH.. W..WHAT?! W..WELL.. GO ON IN...

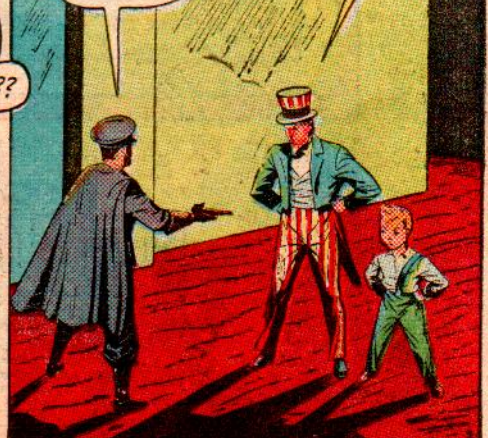
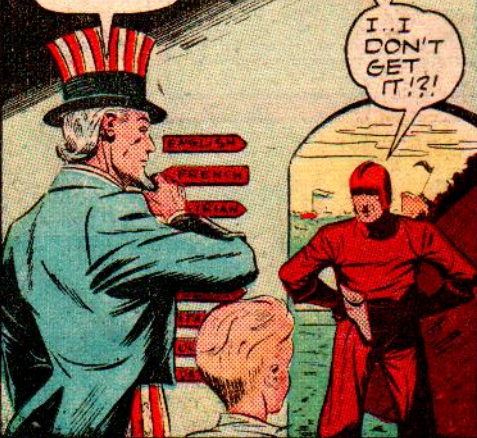
I..I DON'T GET IT!?!

WELL! IF IT ISN'T UNCLE SAM!! JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!!

HELLO, BRISTOL! ARE YOU IN ON THIS TOO??

YES.. AND I'D LIKE YOU TO START THE RACES... HERE'S A GUN...

THANKS.. BUT I NEVER USE GUNS...





HIGH ABOVE THE STADIUM... IN BRISTOL'S PRIVATE BOX...

UNCLE SAM'S JUST A SUCKER!! GOT THE TEAR GAS AND EVERYTHING ALL SET ??

AND HOW!! THE STEEL HELMETS ARE READY FOR REAL TROUBLE TODAY!!

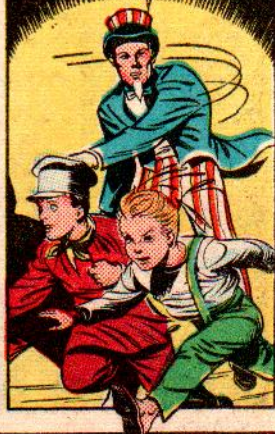


ON THE STARTING LINE..

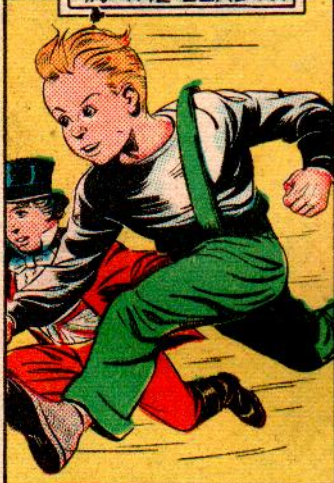
GEE... I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WEAR THESE THINGS, BUT IT'S MR. BRISTOL'S IDEA!!



WELL... LET'S GET ON WITH THE RACE! ON YOUR MARK... GET SET.. GO!!



AS THEY ROUND THE FIRST TURN, BUDDY IS IN THE LEAD...



MEANWHILE... FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK...

THROW IT NOW!!

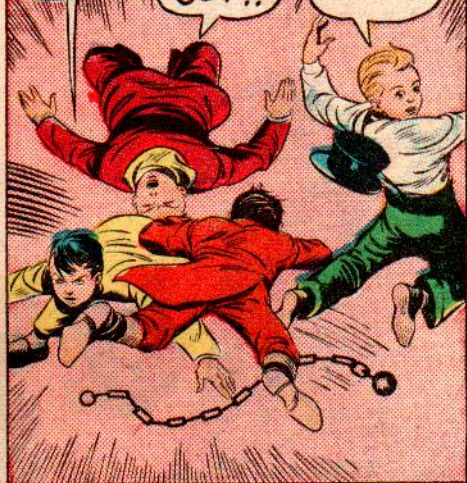
HERE GOES!! AND I PITY THE GUY THAT CATCHES IT!!



HEY!!

WATCH OUT!!

OUCH!!



THE RUNNERS ACCUSE ONE ANOTHER OF DELIBERATE TRIPPING, AND, AS BRISTOL'S HENCHMEN RUN FROM THE STANDS, A FIGHT STARTS...

CUT IT OUT!! WHAT'S THE USE OF FIGHTING...

TRIPPING OUR FRIENDS, EH?? LET'S MOP THESE GUYS UP!!



A STEEL HELMET THUG THROWS A TEAR GAS BOMB...

HEY, YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA??



BUDDY DASHES IN PURSUIT OF THE HOODLUM...

I'LL GET YOU... YOU BIG TRAMP!!





THE FUGITIVE BURSTS INTO BRISTOL'S BOX ...



I KNEW THIS WAS YOUR WORK, BRISTOL!!

YOU DID, EH?? SO WHAT??



BUDDY ATTEMPTS TO WREST THE BOMB FROM BRISTOL'S GRASP ... AS A CAMERA CLICKS.

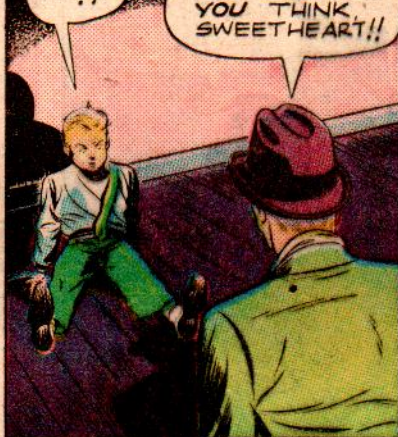


NOW SCRAM YOU LITTLE PUNK!!

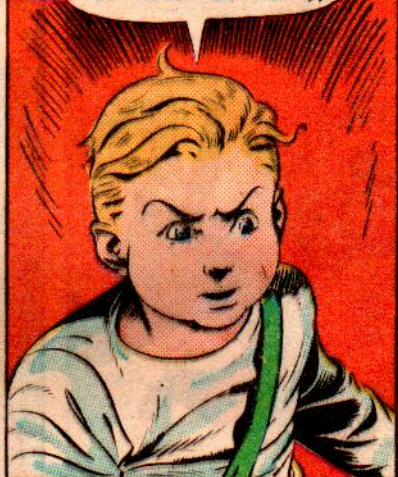


YOUR PAPER WILL PRINT THAT PICTURE, WON'T IT??

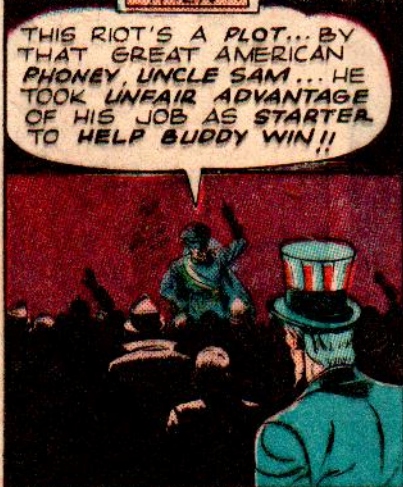
IT CERTAINLY WILL!! BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK, SWEETHEART!!



OH YEAH!! WE'LL SEE!! I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO YOUR EDITOR!!



AS SOON AS BUDDY LEAVES BRISTOL STEPS FORWARD AND QUIETS THE MOB THEN ...



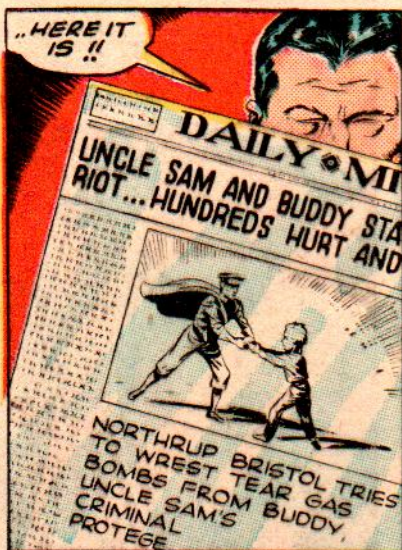
THE TIDE TURNS ON UNCLE SAM ...



MEANWHILE BUDDY FACES AN IRATE EDITOR ...





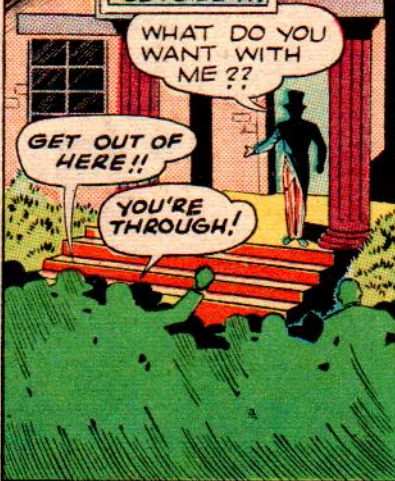




MEANWHILE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL ...



LEAVING BUDDY WITH THE  
DOCTOR, UNCLE SAM STEPS  
OUTSIDE ...



YOU...YOU'RE MY FRIENDS...  
I WAS TRYING TO STOP  
THE RIOT... BILL HENDERSON,  
YOU BELIEVE ME .....?



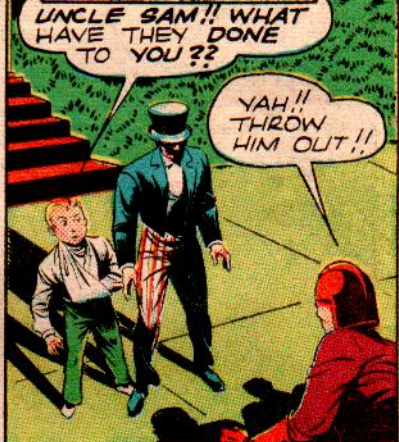
YOU... JOHN BATES..CARSON.  
...? BEN ROBERTS...?JIM...  
BEDFORD ...?



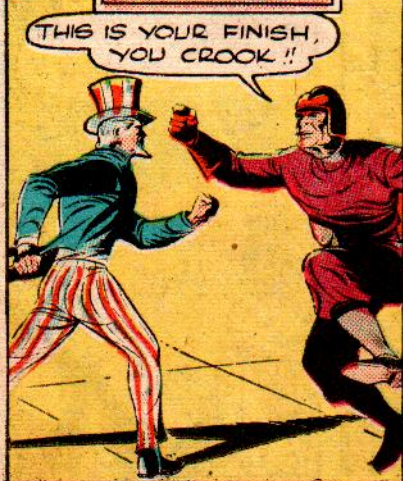
UNCLE SAM'S STRENGTH DE-  
PENDS ON THE PEOPLE'S  
FAITH..WITHOUT WHICH UNCLE  
SAM IS POWERLESS ...



WEAKENED AND SHRUNKEN,  
UNCLE SAM IS TAUNTED BY  
THE COWARDLY STEEL HEL-  
METS.. SUDDENLY BUDDY  
DASHES UP...



SEEING THAT UNCLE SAM  
IS DEFENSELESS A STEEL  
HELMET GUARD RUSHES TO  
THE ATTACK...



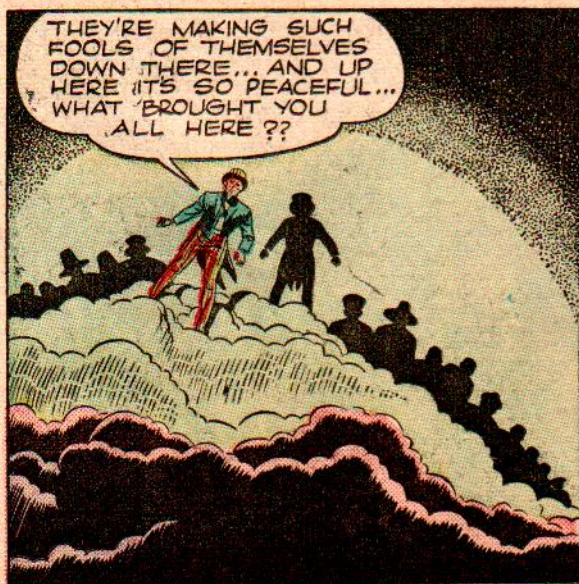
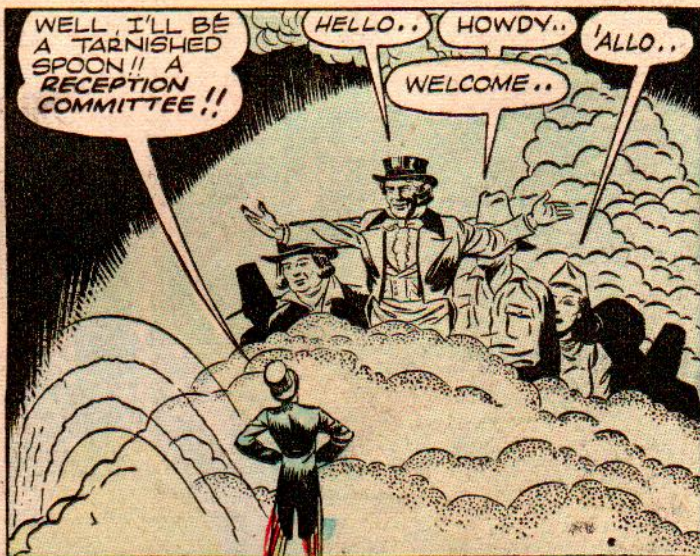
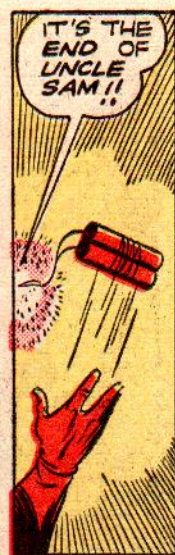
TOO WEAK TO RESIST, UNCLE  
SAM IS THOROUGHLY BEATEN  
BY THE BULLY...



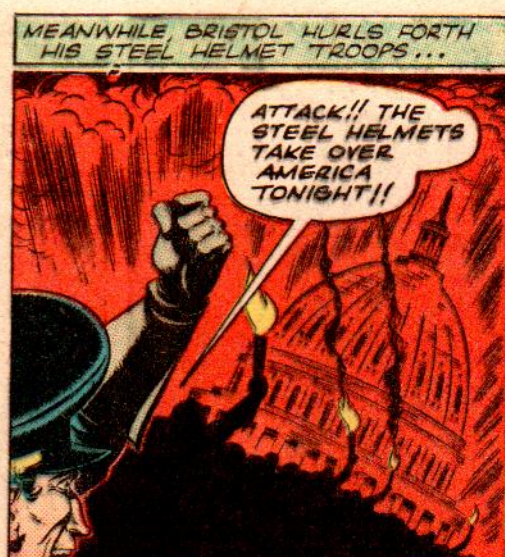
HOW ARE  
YOU, UNCLE  
SAM?



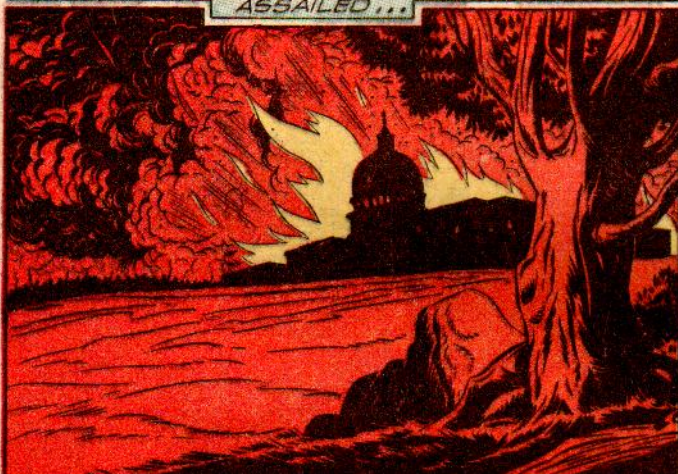








THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, A WAVE OF TERROR LASHES THE POPULATION, AND DEMOCRACY ITSELF TOTTERS, AS ITS LAST STRONGHOLD IS ASSAILED...



THE BLOODY WORK COMPLETED, AN AMERICAN RULER IS CROWNED... NORTHURP BRISTOL...



BUT NOT ALL AMERICANS ARE COWED... FOR BUDDY HAS ORGANIZED AN UNCLE SAM CLUB...

MAYBE UNCLE SAM IS ALIVE SOMEWHERE... MAYBE OUR BELIEF WILL BRING HIM BACK! IT'S GOT TO... HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE NOW...



MEANWHILE, IN THE SWAMPS OF IGNORANCE, A MONSTER OF GREED ATTACKS UNCLE SAM...



W..WHY... MY STRENGTH IS COMING BACK... SOMEONE MUST STILL BELIEVE IN ME... LET'S GO, BIG FELLA!!





STRENGTHENED BY THE CHILDREN'S FAITH IN HIM, UNCLE SAM HURLS THE MONSTER TOWARDS A GROUP OF HIS FELLOWS...

HERE YOU ARE BOYS... TAKE HIM AWAY!!



THE BEASTS DESTROY ONE ANOTHER, FIGHTING OVER THE CARCASS...

POOR FOOLS... HOW SIMILAR TO THOSE ON EARTH!!



MAKING HIS WAY SWIFTLY THROUGH THE SWAMP UNCLE SAM ENTERS THE FOREST OF LIES...

WHAT A MESS!! I WISH BUDDY WERE HERE...



BUT BUDDY HAS HIS OWN PROBLEMS...

UNCLE SAM CAN FREE US... WE MUST BELIEVE IN....

BUDDY!! THE STEEL HELMETS ARE COMING!!



WE'LL FIGHT THEM!!!

GET SOME ROCKS!!



THE KIDS FIGHT BRAVELY.. BUT ARE OUTNUMBERED...

OW!

DOWN WITH.. UGH!!

SCATTER FELLAS!!

SOCK 'EM



WHERE'S THAT BRAT, BUDDY??

HEY! STOP! GET HIM!!



MEANWHILE, IN HIS FORTIFIED OFFICE, SITS A TERRIFIED CONQUEROR... NORTHRUP BRISTOL...

I..I.. THAT IS, ARE YOU SURE UNCLE SAM IS DEAD??

SURE, BOSS! WE BLASTED HIM SKY-HIGH!! HEH...HEH!!





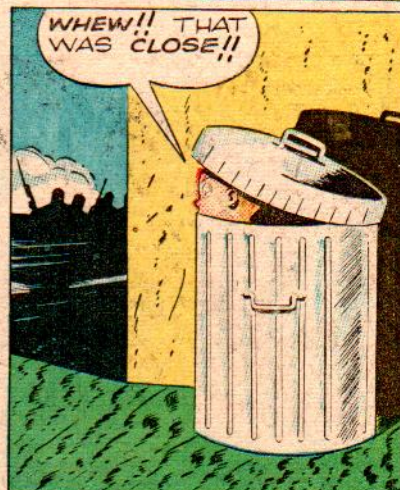
AS BUDDY MAKES HIS ESCAPE HE GLANCES BACK...



WHILE BUDDY SCHEMES, THE UNCLE SAM CLUB IS LOCKED UP IN AN OLD MUSEUM...



INSTANTLY THE CITY SWARMS WITH PATROLS...



ELUDING THE PATROLS, BUDDY ARRIVES AT THE MUSEUM AND SNEAKS PAST THE GUARDS...

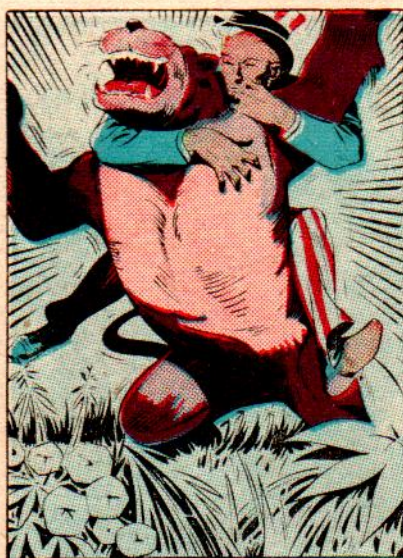




WHILE BUDDY FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM, UNCLE SAM IS BESET BY MONSTERS IN THE JUNGLE OF LIES ...



'SAKES ALIVE!!



SUDDENLY ANOTHER CREATURE ATTACKS FROM THE AIR ...



OW!! SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, EH??



GANGING UP ON ME, EH?? I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF!!

RAINING BLOW AFTER BLOW UPON THE BEAST UNCLE SAM CRUSHES IT ...



... AND HURLS ITS CARCASS WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AGAINST THE OTHER ...



AS UNCLE SAM TURNS TO LEAVE A YELLOW SNAKE SEIZES HIM ...



OOP! ANOTHER ONE!!

EXERTING ALL OF HIS RE-GAINED STRENGTH, UNCLE SAM BURSTS THE REPTILE IN A DOZEN PIECES ...



THERE!! THAT DOES IT !!

AS UNCLE SAM FORGES A-HEAD, THE FOREST DISAPPEARS IN A SHEET OF FLAME BEHIND HIM...





AND FROM THE FETID STENCH OF THE JUNGLE OF LIES, UNCLE SAM STEPS OUT ONTO A HILL SWEEPED BY ALL THE WINDS OF THE EARTH...

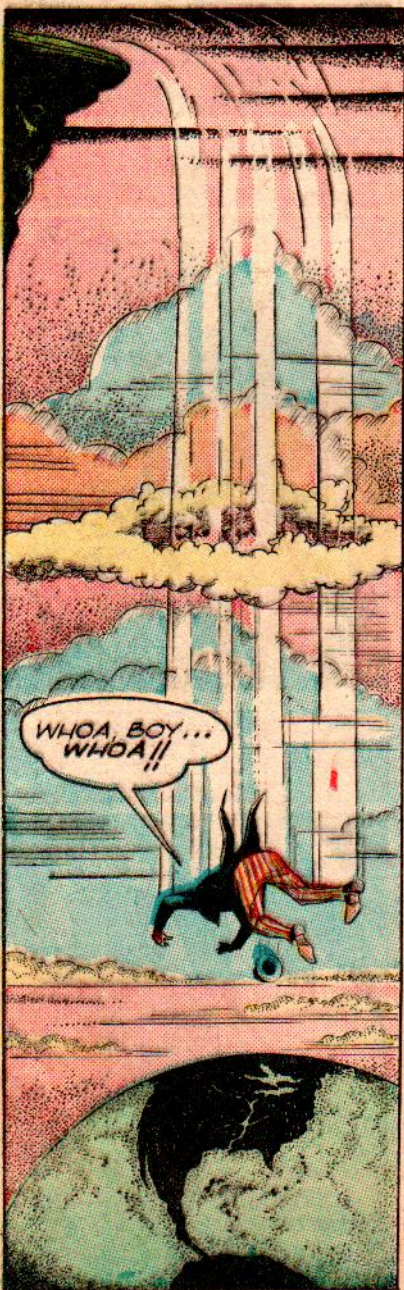
I MUST BE NEARING MY GOAL... JUST A LITTLE FARTHER...



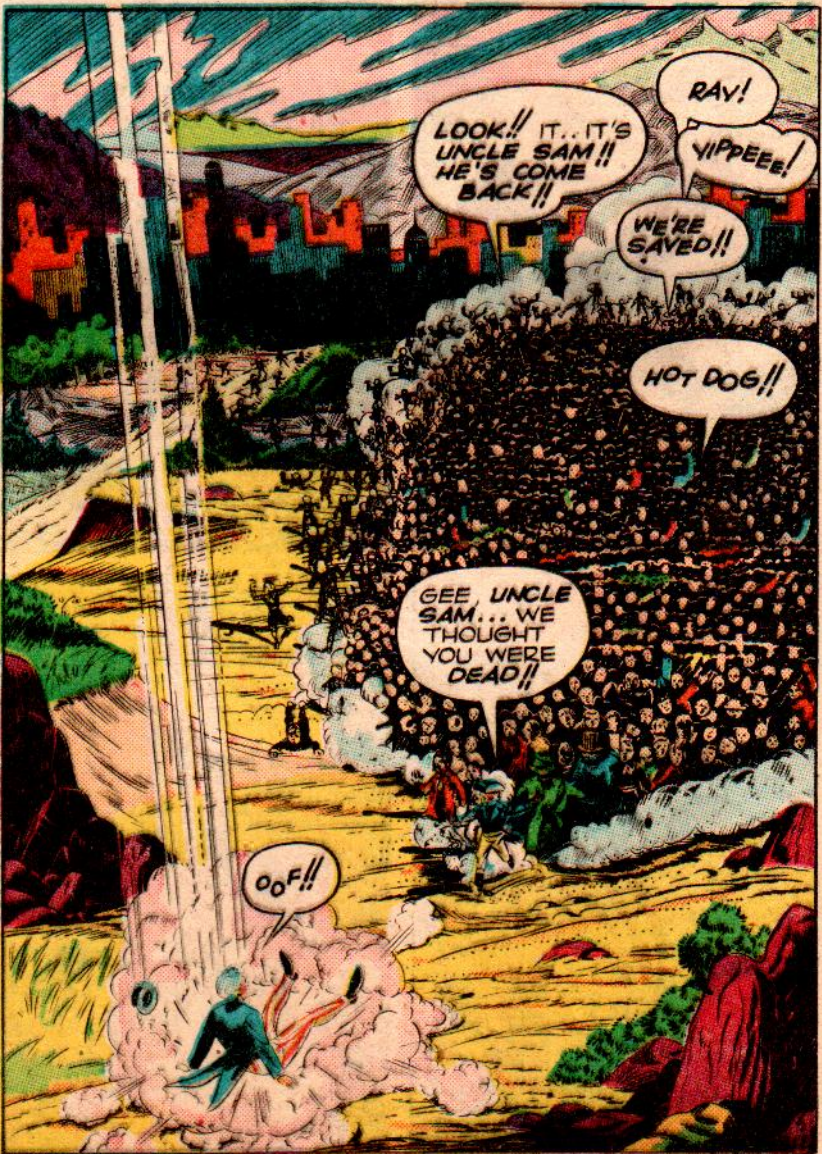
SAY! EASY THERE!!



THE TERRIFIC GALE HURLS UNCLE SAM OVER THE EDGE...



WHOA, BOY... WHOA!!



LOOK!! IT..IT'S UNCLE SAM!! HE'S COME BACK!!

RAY!

YIPPEEE!

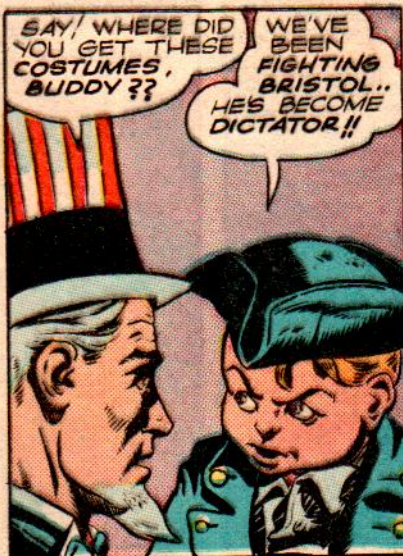
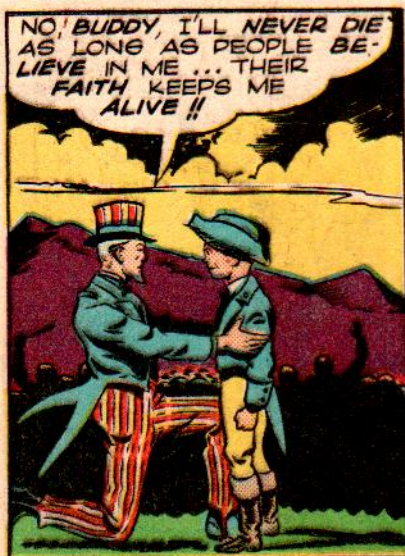
WE'RE SAVED!!

HOT DOG!!

GEE, UNCLE SAM... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!!

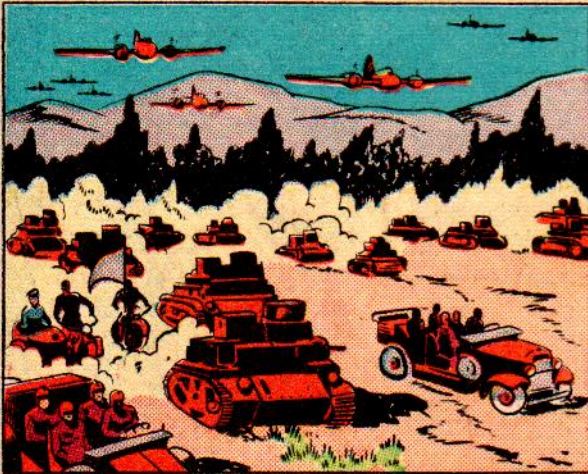
OOH!!







THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY THE GIGANTIC STEEL HELMET WAR MACHINE GATHERS ITS STRENGTH FOR THE ATTACK...



FORWARD!!

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THEIR DANGER, UNCLE SAM AND THE KIDS PLAN BRISTOL'S DOWNFALL...



...WE CAN DO IT WITH THE PEOPLE'S HELP!!

LET ME GO AND TALK TO THEM... I'LL MAKE THEM LISTEN!!



ALL RIGHT, BUDDY... AND WE'LL HOLD THE FORT 'TILL YOU GET BACK... GOOD LUCK!!



DODGING THE SENTRIES, BUDDY VISITS HOME AFTER HOME...



WHO'S THERE?? IT'S ME... BUDDY... UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!

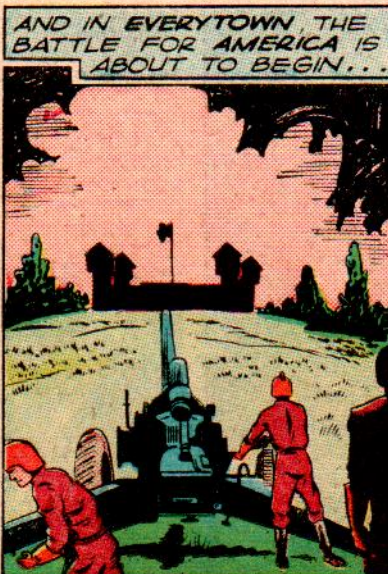


MARTHA!! GET MY SHOTGUN UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!

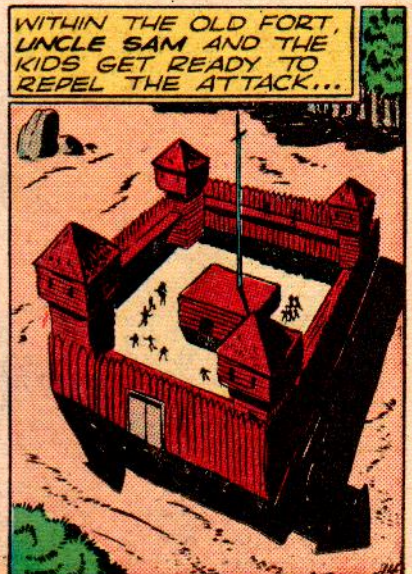
I'LL TELL THE NEIGHBORS!!



THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE... UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!



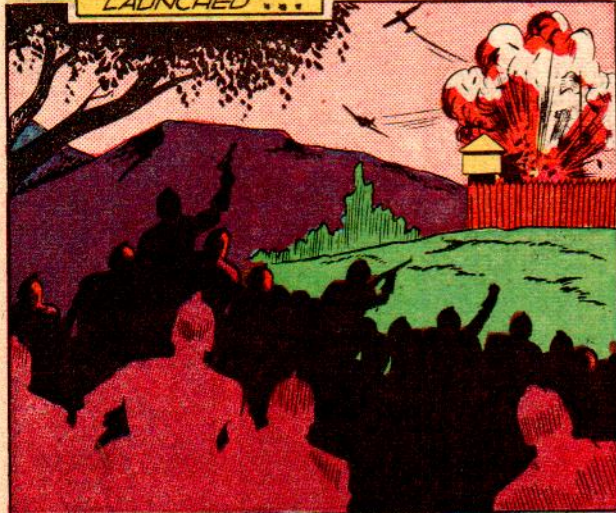
AND IN EVERYTOWN THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...



WITHIN THE OLD FORT UNCLE SAM AND THE KIDS GET READY TO REPEL THE ATTACK...



AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE ASSAULT IS LAUNCHED ...

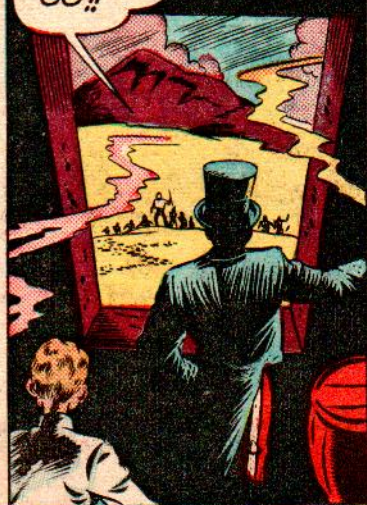


INSIDE THE FORT

WHEN I SAY FIRE!!... THROW AS FAST AS YOU CAN...



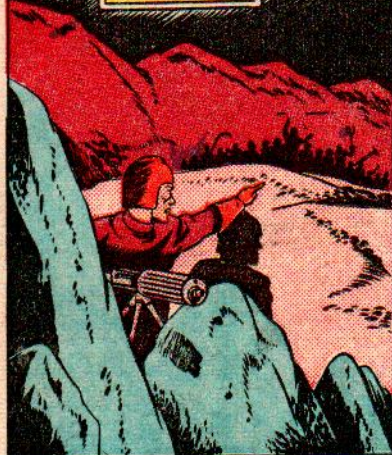
LET 'ER GO!!



OUTSIDE, BOYS!!



SUDDENLY, LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL, BUDDY'S ARMY APPEARS OVER THE BROW OF A HILL...



A.A.AH! MY FULL STRENGTH HAS RETURNED!!



UNCLE SAM, FULLY RECOVERED, TEARS INTO ACTION AS BUDDY'S HASTILY RECRUITED ARMY ATTACKS FROM THE REAR...



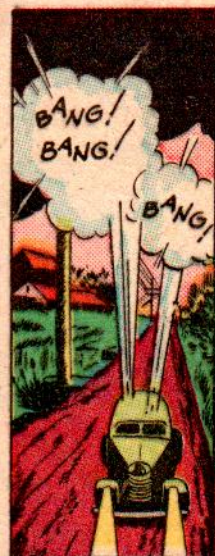
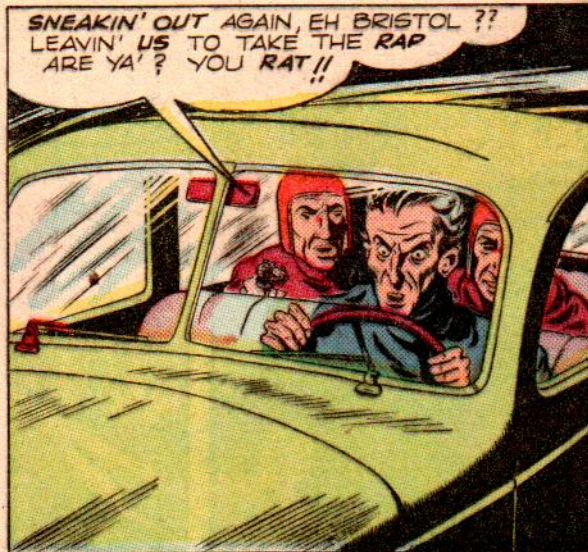
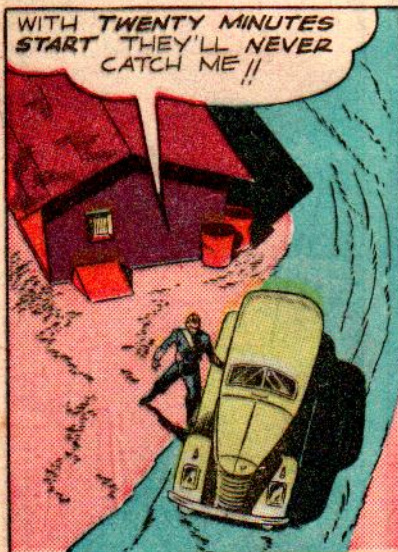
C'MON KIDS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

BUT THE COWARDLY BRISTOL DARES NOT FACE THE ENRAGED POPULACE AS HIS ARMY CRUMBLES BEFORE THEM...



HA! THE FOOLS! LET THEM FACE UNCLE SAM... ME.. I'M TOO SMART!!







LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!  
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

## GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP  
FREE**

With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



**APRON  
FREE**

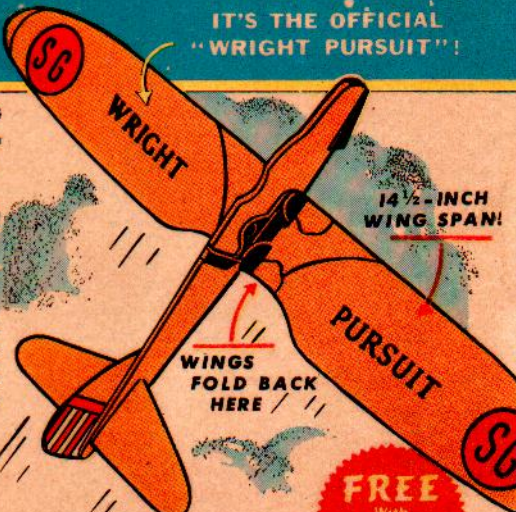
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

## AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy  
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

## FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance hight" contests!



## "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

**FREE**

With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



## GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

## HI-SPEEDERS!

YOU NEED

## AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES\* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain\*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and.....c).

- ☐ CATAPULT PLANE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE CAP  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE  
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE APRON  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ GIANT PERISCOPE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds



Keds Blue  
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme  
Oxford Keds  
make the tough ones  
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's  
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—  
the shoe of champions.  
They're the stuff  
for footwork



*Footwork  
makes the Athlete*  
*Frank Leahy*

*For Better Footwork*



FREE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**Keds**

*the Shoe of Champions*

© Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for  
future champions. To get your free copy send your name  
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber  
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

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